THE BYSTANDER
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FLYING NOTES: NEW WEEKLY FEATURE

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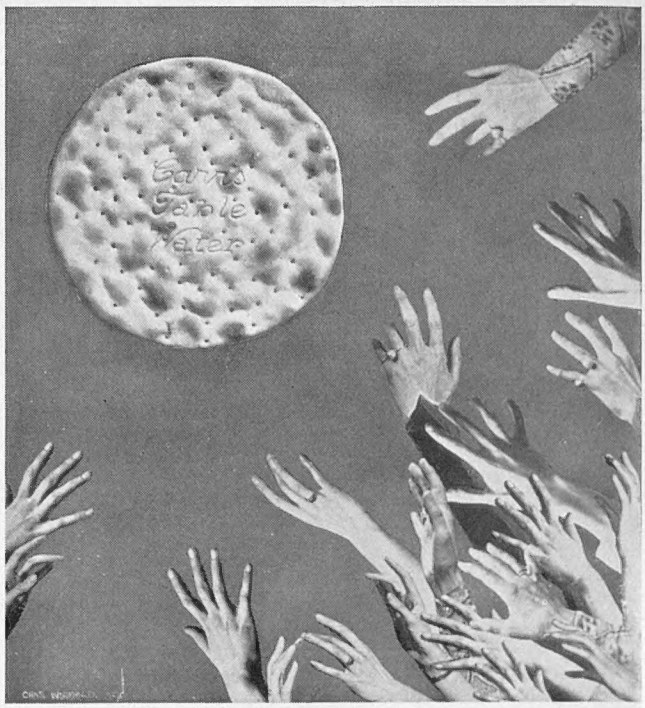

It is rude —
to stretch but one can be forgiven if it is to reach CARR'S
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They are so good, so crisp, so thin and are made only by
CARR'S *of* CARLISLE

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The Bystander, April 25, 1928 No. 1271. Vol. XCVIII

The BYSTANDER

Specially drawn for "The Bystander" by H. H. Harris

FAMOUS GOLFERS CAUGHT IN THE ACT: No. 8—HARRY VARDON

Wherever the Royal and Ancient game is played Harry Vardon's name is a by-word. Open Champion on six occasions, he has a peculiar habit of shifting his right toe when taking his stance

Specially printed and mounted copies of this picture, signed by the artist, can be obtained on application to the Publisher at 7/6 each. Postage 6d. extra.

BY JACK GREENALL

THE FALLEN IDOL

Keystone

PRINCESS MARY IN CAIRO

Princess Mary photographed inspecting the Girl Guides in Cairo. They are recruited from the wives and daughters of the English residents

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Royal Bereavement

UNIVERSAL sympathy has gone out to Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone on the death of their only son, Viscount Trematon. Poignancy is added to the tragedy by the fact that, thousands of miles away, the parents could do nothing but wait for the news, which was cabled to them continuously by the Queen and from Belleville itself.

At first it was thought that Lord Trematon would recover, but he had inherited in a minor degree the unusual malady which afflicted his grandfather, the Duke of Albany, his cousin, Lord Leopold Mountbatten, Princess Beatrice's son, and his second cousin, the little Tsarevitch. This malady is a proneness to bleeding caused by an abnormal delicacy of the skin. In the cases of the Duke of Albany and Lord Leopold Mountbatten this delicacy prevented both of them leading an active life, and both had to take the greatest care to avoid even a slight abrasion of the skin.

As I have said, Lord Trematon had the malady in a minor degree, but after the motor accident it was the chief cause of his untimely death.

Topical

"THEIR EXCELLENCIES"

Their Excellencies Col. C. H. Harper and Mrs. Harper photographed during a recent trip on the Union-Castle liner S.S. Durham Castle. Col. Harper is the Governor of St. Helena

Central News

AT VICTORIA

Lord and Lady Somers, with their little daughter, Elizabeth, and Lord Somers's staff, photographed at State Government House, Victoria. Lord Somers has been Governor of Victoria since 1926

News Illus.

THE COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND (left), MR. HARFORD, MISS N. WARD, CAPTAIN WINN, MISS PEGGY WARD, AND MISS NICOLE

PICTORIAL POINTS FROM A RECENT POINT-TO-POINT

Some of those who attended the recent V.W.H. Hunt Point-to-Point meeting. It was held at Castle Hill, Blunsdon

Alfieri

MRS. SUTTON AND MR. JACK ANTHONY

Alfieri

MR. B. TURNER (left), COLONEL C. E. TURNER, MISS TURNER, AND MR. A. F. C. TURNER

The odd thing about this complaint is that in the Royal Family it never attacks women, and yet is never transmitted by male descendants of the house of Saxe-Coburg. It appears invariably in the male children of princesses with a Saxe-Coburg descent, and, so far as I know, there is no record, even in their largest families, of more than one son being so afflicted.

A Delicate Question

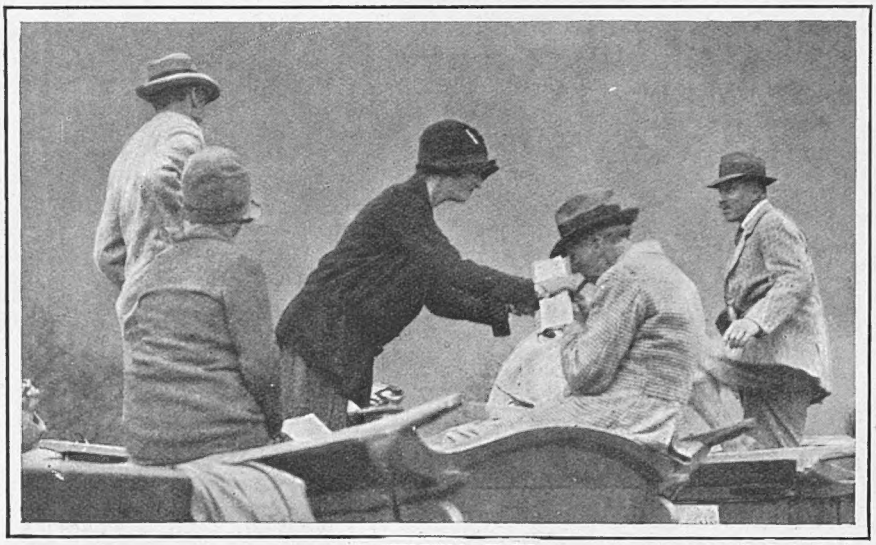
UNLESS the American lady whom the Duc de Nemours married last week at a registry office embraces her husband's faith—that of the Church of Rome—their position, so far as the Duke's family and the more rigid Catholics are concerned, will have difficulties.

The marriage between a Catholic and a member of any Christian faith at a registry office is regarded by the Church of Rome as valid and therefore indissolvable. But on the other hand such a marriage is in defiance of the laws of that Church, and the Catholic party to it is considered to have committed a "mortal sin," and is debarred from the Sacraments.

The Orleans family is devoutly Catholic, and the marriage therefore has a significance for them which would be non-existent for Protestants. A second marriage by a priest of the Roman Church, even whilst the bride remained Protestant, would throw an entirely different complexion on the union, from the point of view of Catholics.

This point explains why there are invariably civil and religious ceremonies for weddings in France and Italy. In each country the State only recognises the civil ceremony as a legal marriage, the Church only recognises the religious ceremony as the sacrament of marriage, whilst it admits the legality of the civil marriage.

In Paris, Rome, and Vienna your Bystander has seen great ladies turn their backs upon women of impeccable reputation because they had been married by the civil ceremony only.



A HELPING HAND *G. G. Garland*

Lady Winterton gives Col. Ulric Thynne's pipe shelter in a critical moment at the Crawley and Horsham Hunt Point-to-Point meeting at Plummer's Plain, near Horsham. Lord Winterton and Miss Maclean are seen with their backs to the camera, and Sir Merrik Burrell is on the extreme right

Flowers in the Parks

THERE is one man to whom I always think Londoners are not sufficiently grateful. This is Sir Lionel Earle, the Permanent Secretary to the Office of Works. What are styled the Royal parks—that is,

L.N.A.

LORD GLENAVY AND THE HON. GORDON CAMPBELL

L.N.A.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, MR. MCNEIL, AND MRS. MCNEIL WITH MEMBERS OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S PARTY, INCLUDING PRESIDENT COSGRAVE

L.N.A.

LADY LAVERY

IN IRELAND

Some prominent personages in the "Ould Counthry" photographed at the famous Punchestown races

Hyde Park, St. James's Park, the Green Park, and Kensington Gardens—are all under this Office. We have grown so accustomed to the gradual increase of flowers in the parks that we are apt to forget what they used to look like before Sir Lionel Earle's appointment. To-day I doubt if you would find in any capital the spectacle to be seen from the top of a 'bus going along Park Lane—a glowing stretch of Spring flowers all the way from Hyde Park Corner to the Marble Arch. St. James's Park, too, with the grass all starred with flowers, reminds one of a private demesne rather than a public park.

Sir Lionel inherits his love and knowledge of gardening from his mother, Mrs. Earle, whose "Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden" first set the fashion in gardening books many years ago.

The Monte Carlo Dividend

ALTHOUGH the *établissement* at Monte Carlo has not done so well this year as last, shareholders will not be affected. They will receive the same very comfortable dividend of 725 francs, free of tax, for each 500-franc share. The gradual development of Cannes from a quiet wintering place, with a society formed almost exclusively of villa residents, into a cosmopolitan gathering place must have affected, I should think, the takings at the Monte Carlo tables.

Formerly if people stayed at Cannes and wanted to gamble they had to go over to Monte Carlo. Now with the new Casino at Cannes they have their gambling in their midst and without the heterogeneous crowd that throngs the rooms at Monte.

An Ingenious Patient

CONVALESCENCE after an illness for a man is a much more trying time than for a woman. A woman can always sew or knit when she is tired of reading. A man has no occupation for his hands unless he does jig-saw puzzles, and these are apt to be disturbing to the nerves if the pieces won't fit in.

An acquaintance of your Bystander lighted upon a pleasant way of relieving the tedium of long days in bed. All his life he had been an ardent diner-out, and has carefully kept all his dinner menus in albums. From these albums he spent happy hours arranging menus for

Topical

IN THE "GRAND-STAND"

A group of on'ookers who made use of that favourite Point-to-Point grand-stand, a waggon, at the South Berks Point-to-Point meeting at Strathfieldsaye. On the left is Lord Dorchester, and, in the waggon, Lady Douro, Lady Mary Scott, the Duke of Wellington, and Lady Anne Wellesley

Central News

A NAVAL WEDDING

Lieut.-Commander Gordon C. Robinson, R.N., photographed with his bride, formerly Miss Germaine Louis Mary Moss, after their wedding at Holy Trinity, Brompton. Lieut.-Commander Robinson is the second son of the late Canon Ludovick Robinson

imaginary dinners. One of his visitors, a noted giver of dinner-parties, seeing some of these menus lying on the bed, has commandeered the lot, so the chances are that soon he will eat one of the dinners he arranged in his bed.

Canadian Peeresses

THE marriage of Viscount Hardinge at Ottawa in October to Miss Fleming will give us another Canadian - born peeress, and the first one from Ottawa. The Marchioness of Donegall was Miss Twining, of Halifax, Canada, when she married the late Marquess as his third wife twenty-six years ago. The sister Countesses of Haddington and Minto were the daughters of Mr. J. W. Cook, of Montreal; and Lady Shaughnessy was a daughter of Mr. Robert Kilgour Graham of the same city.

The Opera

DESPITE all the gloomy and pessimistic prognostications to the contrary, we music-lovers are to have the pleasure of a ten weeks' opera season at Covent Garden, opening next Monday night with *Das Rheingold*. The next night we shall have Gluck's *Armide*, which hasn't been given in London for a long time. It is just a century and a half since this opera was produced in Paris, and Marie Antoinette was present at its first performance. All Wagner lovers will be pleased and overjoyed to hear that we are to have the luxury of two cycles of the ever-popular *Ring* during the coming opera season.

Bassano

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Mr. Vere Arbuthnot Arnold photographed with his bride, formerly Miss Joan Kathleen Tully, of Wellington, New Zealand. The wedding took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

A May Day Ball

I WANT particularly to direct your attention to the ball which is to be given next Tuesday, May 1, in aid of the Royal Free Hospital in Gray's Inn Road. The hospital is one of the most important maternity centres in the country, and its existing accommodation has to be rebuilt in order to meet the heavy and increasing demands upon it. The new maternity building, by the King's command, is to be called the Queen Mary Wing. The ball will have an unusual setting. It is to take place in the beautiful hall with lapis-coloured columns at the British Medical Association House in Tavistock Square. The tickets are only one guinea, including supper. Besides dancing there will be cabaret turns in which Mr. Jack Hulbert and Miss Cicely Courtneidge will appear. So I hope a good many of you will send for

Central Press

AN ARCHBISHOP'S MARRIAGE

The Archbishop of Melbourne photographed after his marriage to Miss Joanna Mary Linnell, at St. Margaret's Westminster. Sir William Clare Lees, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man

L.N.A.

LEAVING THE CHURCH

Lieutenant Peter John Fitzgerald, R.N., photographed after his marriage to Miss Penelope Crofts, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Crofts. The bride and bridegroom are seen leaving St. Andrew's, Hertford

SOME RECENT ENGAGEMENTS

Bassano

MISS VICTORIA VILLIERS

Whose engagement to the Hon. Nigel Amyas Orde-Powlett, only surviving son of Lord and Lady Bolton, of Bolton Hall, Leyburn, has been announced. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Montagu Villiers

Central Press

MISS BETTY HODGES

Who is to marry Lieutenant Anthony Kimmins, R.N. She is the daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir Michael Hodges, K.C.B., C.M.G., M.V.O., and Lady Hodges, her father being Second Sea Lord of the Admiralty

Hay Wrightson

MISS MARGARET PERCIVAL

Only daughter of Prebendary L. J. Percival, one of the King's Domestic Chaplains, and Mrs. Percival, of St. James's Palace. Her engagement to Mr. Michael Ernest St. John Barne, of the Scots Guards, was recently announced

tickets to the Hon. Secretary, May Day Ball, 24, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.1.

The Ibsen Centenary

IN celebration of the Ibsen centenary a series of *matinées* of *The Wild Duck* are being given on Mondays and Fridays at the Kingsway Theatre. Mr. Ion Swinley is the Gregers Werle, and gives an earnest performance which is greatly helped by the effective use he makes of a good voice. The rest of the players have also imbibed the Ibsen spirit, but I wonder why the settings of Ibsen plays are always so arranged as to give a suggestion of drabness.

Awkward

ONE of our Proconsuls is a man of brilliance and high merit, but there is a finality in his remarks and opinions that suggests infallibility. Further, he is not strongly gifted with humour.

A short time ago one of his aides-de-camp, going into the closely shaded chancellerie at Government House from the glaring sun outside, asked,

"Is the Almighty going out this morning?"

"Yes, he is," replied a voice from the shadow, "and so are you, bag and baggage, this moment!"

The unfortunate young man had not seen that the Proconsul was in the room.

A Picturesque Bridegroom

BRIDES, except at naval and military weddings, have all the "fine feathers," but at their wedding at the Oratory the Hon. Evan Morgan was as picturesque a figure as his bride, the Hon. Lois Sturt. He wore the robes of one of the orders of knighthood in the gift of the Pope. Mr. Evan Morgan is a Chamberlain of the Cape and Sword at the Vatican. For the past fourteen years he has been one of the most eligible of our bachelors, being the only son of the very rich Viscount Tredegar, a colliery magnate and South Wales landowner.

Lord Tredegar, who received his viscountcy two years ago, succeeded his uncle, the third Baron Tredegar. His interests are chiefly yachting and hunting. During the War he was in the R.N.V.R., and some little time ago he was appointed R.N.V.R. Aide-de-Camp to the King. His son's tastes incline more to the artistic side of things. He has written poetry and a novel, and now has added politics to his other interests by becoming Conservative candidate for Limehouse.

Bertram Park

A BRIDE-TO-BE

Miss Hilary Wilson, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wilson. She is engaged to be married to the Earl of Munster

Once upon a time Mr. Morgan lived in a charming house in Chelsea, where he became noted as a party-giver. You will remember he was so apprehensive of uninvited guests coming to one of his parties that he sent out seven different kinds of invitation, which made one lady exclaim as she entered his door: "I feel like a camel going through the eye of a needle!"

The future Viscountess Tredegar is Lord Alington's younger sister, and was a leading spirit among that band of young people known as the Bright Young Things. They came into public notice by dashing all over London and picking up clues in treasure hunts. One of them was seriously aggrieved by being held up by a policeman for exceeding the speed limit in Regent's Park. She thought that "following up a clue" was more than sufficient reason for whizzing through Regent's Park at umpteen miles an hour.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

Call Me Early, Mother Dear

MAY DAY—the merriest, maddest day in all the glad New Year—is close at hand. If the weather is fine we shall, I take it, be merry, and if it isn't we shall, no doubt, be mad! Poor Tennyson, I suppose, meant well when he wrote his rather maundering poem about the May Queen, but there is no doubt that the mawkish sentimentality of that effusion, in which the inevitable angel-child faded away upon the inevitable Victorian death-bed, has for several generations cast a shadow of treacly gloom over what should have been the jolliest of English festivals.

Come, Lassies and Lads!

HOW much more in keeping with the true spirit of England's country folk is the older, sturdier ballad with its lilting refrain:

> Come, lasses and lads, take leave of your dads,
> And off to the maypole hie!

A merry maypole dance upon the village green, with its cluster of thatched cottages, its smithy, and its swinging inn-sign, holds much of the jollity of the old Merrie England. That is why the Puritans chopped up the maypoles. They were very holy fellows and could not look upon horrid vice without a shudder. Maypoles and mince-pies, I believe, were the things that made them shudder most.

The Curious Killjoy

THE killjoy of all ages has been a curious creature. Macaulay said that the Puritan hated bear-baiting, not because of its cruelty to the bear, but because of the pleasure it gave to the spectators. Your killjoy is always like that. His motto, to paraphrase a deathless lyric of yesterday, might almost be:

> I want to be unhappy,
> But I can't be unhappy
> Till I've made you unhappy, too-oo.

Trip It Up and Down

BUT the killjoy shall not spoil our May Day. Be his face never so long and his whiskers never so lugubrious, the maypole ribbons will still flutter in the breeze and children dance on many a green throughout the pleasant countryside.

> And Jack shall have his Jill
> And Johnny shall have his Joan,
> To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it up and down.

St. George's Day

TALKING of days, and days are rather jolly things to talk about, did you remember that yesterday was St. George's Day? Just now the tendency of modern historical research is to give St. George, poor fellow, a thoroughly bad character. He was, they say, an Armenian war contractor—a singularly regrettable combination of nationality and occupation. It is also affirmed that he never saw a dragon in his life. If he had encountered such a monster (we are informed) he would have set about breaking quarter-mile records with all possible dispatch.

Black and White

ALL this, I think, is merely evidence of what Sam Weller used to call "general contrairiness," which seems to be the outstanding characteristic of the modern

historian. He feels, it would appear, that at all costs he must reverse the traditional view of history. If a character has for hundreds of years been regarded as a rank bad hat, he must be whitewashed, spring-cleaned, and redecorated throughout. Having distempered the black characters, he must throw his little clod of mud at some of the comparatively white ones. Alfred, he says, never burnt those cakes, Dick Whittington never had a cat, and Queen Elizabeth was no better than she should have been. And as for the wretched St. George, he was a carpet-bagger of the baser sort.

Straight from the Shoulder

LET me be round with these historical gentlemen. Let me strike at them straight from the shoulder. Whatever their pinchbeck " facts " may be, I say there is more real truth in an old wives' tale that extols the English virtues of courage and chivalry than in all their dusty tomes. In a hundred years' time they will probably say that our own epic of St. George's Day, the attack on the Mole at Zeebrugge, never took place, or, alternatively, was a regrettable mistake on the part of the Admiralty. A fig for them and their opinions! While England lives, upon St. George's Day, old tales of valour and heroic sacrifice shall

" Be, in our flowing cups, freshly remembered."

Are You an Efficient Burglar ?

EFFICIENCY in business is the watchword of the age, and I have just been reading with pleasure of a burglar who, in order to pursue his tasks in peace and to avoid unpleasantness, took the precaution of removing to a place of safety the trousers of his clients. I suppose he thought that no householder would be so indelicate as to pursue him down the street in his pyjamas. I am wondering, however, what this intrepid cracksman will do when he sets out (say) to rifle an Aberdonian money-box. The kilted Northerner will have no trousers to be purloined, for as the proverb says: " Ye canna tak' the breeks off a Heilandman." So what will Mr. Burglar do then, poor thing?

Rugger *versus* Cancer

NEXT Saturday, April 28, the Finals of the Seven-a-Side Rugger Competition will be played at Twickenham. This competition has been organised by the Middlesex County Rugby Football Union in aid of the Middlesex Cancer Hospital, which is urgently in need of funds to fight the terrible scourge of cancer, and an appeal, which has been signed by Admiral Royds, E. Temple Gurdon, Dr. R. Cove-Smith, and W. W. Wakefield, calls on all Rugger men and lovers of the game to support as generously as possible the Seven-a-Side Finals. Even if there were no appeal attached to this event, I should certainly go down to Twickenham on Saturday, for seven-a-side Rugger is a joy to watch; but now that the Middlesex Cancer Hospital stands to benefit by my presence, come wrack, come ruin, I shall be there, and I can promise any and every one who follow my example a rattling good afternoon's sport in a really worthy cause.

A MESSAGE *TO* MARS !

By David Wilson

PATRONS OF THE TURF By "The Tout"

Mr. F. T. Halse owns several flat racers, including Eagle's Pride, which won the Cesarewitch last year. The Hon. W. Egerton is "always racing," and R. J. Farquharson, who is one of our veteran trainers, turns out as many winners as anyone during the season

Racing Notions

By "CARBINE"

On the Heath

We needed warmest winter clothing for those piercingly cold afternoons on the Newmarket Heath last week, but the excellence of the racing often made us forget the chilliness of the day. Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort enjoyed a real personal triumph when Royal Minstrel cantered away with the Craven Stakes. His friends asked him after the race whether the colt was in the Two Thousand and in the Derby. He replied, "He's in everything." And when somebody added that the grey must have a reasonable chance of winning one of those events the popular trainer said, "Yes, I suppose he has, and I'm afraid I shall not get much sleep until the Derby is over." In Royal Minstrel Captain Boyd-Rochfort looks to have his first real chance of winning the Derby, and I am convinced this colt could not be in better hands. The same trainer also has a charming three-year-old filly in Nance, who you will see in the field for the One Thousand Guineas on Friday.

The Craven Winner

Captain G. P. Gough, the owner of Royal Minstrel, is not a well-known figure on the Turf, and I do not think he was at Newmarket to see his horse win last week. It is a credit to his trainer that he should have bought such a good 'un as Royal Minstrel at about the first attempt, and it is a further indication of Captain Boyd-Rochfort's judgment that the colt was not called upon for an effort when he was a big overgrown baby last season. The Manton people were inclined to pull long faces after the Craven Stakes, as Scatter, in whom their hopes of winning the Derby are centred, certainly gave an indifferent account of himself. Those enterprising backers who had previously taken 10 to 1 about him for the Derby must now be inclined to regret their leap in the dark. There is, of course, a chance that Scatter may improve out of knowledge. He was known to be backward when he was saddled last week, but he clearly has a vast amount of ground to make up.

Fairway All Right

I was glad during the week to be able to get more than a glimpse of Fairway. On Wednesday morning this colt had acquitted himself most satisfactorily in a good six-furlong gallop on the Limekilns. The way he disposed of Pharamond and the others was sufficient to assure me that the pessimistic reports previously circulated about the colt had been grossly exaggerated. On the following day he appeared in the paddock prior to the Craven Stakes, and I spent some time in inspecting the colt. I at once formed the conclusion from this close-up view that he has made first-rate physical progress since the last time he was on a racecourse.

A Colt of Class

I do not think he can now be reasonably described as leggy. While it is true that he stands some way from the ground, you observe that there is nothing slack about his framework. When he walks away you cannot fail to be impressed by his powerful quarters and good second thighs. When he turns towards you his extraordinarily good shoulders are noticeable. With all this he is not lacking in depth, and his whole appearance betokens real quality. I shall be greatly surprised, providing all goes well with the colt, if he does not turn out to be a racehorse of particularly high class.

The Guineas

I am not disposed to endeavour to find anything to beat him in the Two Thousand Guineas, though I daresay the Whatcombe stable will provide a formidable rival to him in the shape of Buland. The latter colt will need to be considerably in front of Parwiz, who ran rather disappointingly in the Wood Ditton Stakes last week, if he is to credit the Aga Khan with the first of the classic races. I am not among those who thought that Flamingo put up a poor performance when winning the Column Produce Stakes. I make full allowance for the fact that Sir Laurence Philipp's colt could only have been partially fit so early in the season.

His Majesty's Filly

Among the other features of the Craven Meeting was the victory of Scuttle under the big weight in the Brandon Handicap. She was set a pretty tough task, because Physic Ball had been tried really well at the weights. The filly seems to have a very fair chance of winning the One Thousand for His Majesty next week. Her most formidable rival will be Toboggan. This filly possesses so tall a reputation at Stanley House that she looks like being a good favourite.

The City and "Sub"

On Wednesday the City and Suburban looks like arousing its customary amount of interest. A likely winner is **Knight of the Grail,** who impressed me most favourably not only by his improved appearance at Newbury, but by the good show he made in the race for the Spring Cup. The Epsom Meeting is followed by Sandown Park. The Esher Cup invariably presents a tough problem. I think it will be won this time by Dombey, who showed up well in the Craven Stakes.

Sport and General

AT NEWMARKET

A remarkable impression of the field during the Long Course Plate at the Newmarket Craven Meeting. This event was won by Light Dragoon

UP AND OVER *and* ON THE FLAT *at* FOUR MEETINGS

Photographs

LADY WODEHOUSE AND SIR JOHN BUCHANAN-JARDINE

Some spectators at the popular Newbury Spring Meeting. This was well attended in spite of the dull and bitterly cold weather

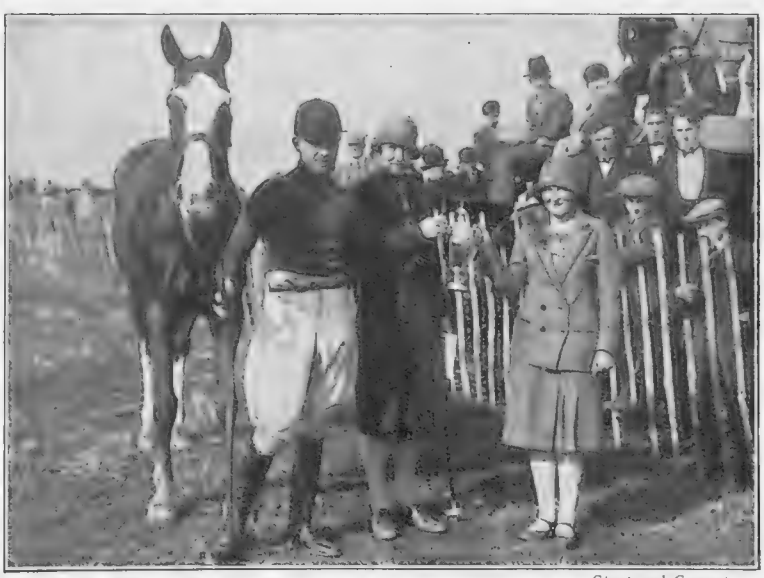
Alfieri

THE MARCHIONESS CURZON AND THE HON. MRS. BEATTY

Photographs

BEFORE THE RACE

Colonel Selby-Lowndes photographed tying on numbers for Miss Greenlees before the Ladies' Race at the recent private Point-to-Point Races of Colonel Part's Harriers. These were held at Billington Manor, near Leighton Buzzard



Sport and General

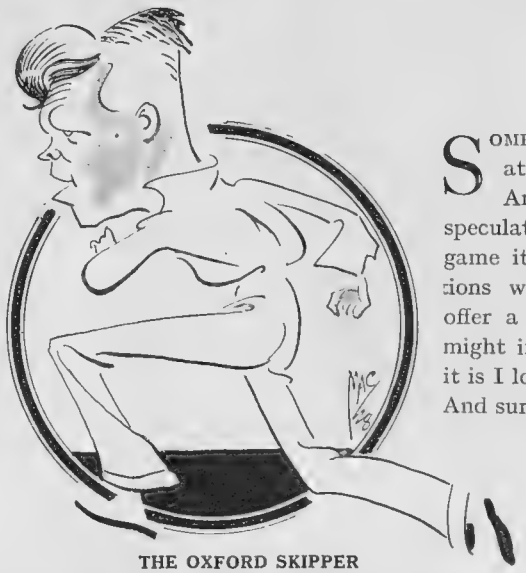
PRESENTING THE CUP

Miss Mary Hesketh photographed presenting the Cup to Miss Catherine Satterthwaite, whose horse Ben-m-Chree won the Ladies' Adjacent Hunts Race at the Lunesdale and Oxenholme Staghounds and Vale of Lune Harriers Point-to-Point Meeting, which was held recently at Bainsbank, near Kirkby Lonsdale. On the left of the photograph is seen Mr. E. Johnson, Junr.

VARSITY NOTES

CAMBRIDGE

THE vacation has been a fortunate one for Cambridge sport. We won the Boat Race by a large margin, the Sports by far more points than we ever expected, and we managed successfully to pull the Golf Match out of the fire. But one's jubilation is tempered by the fact that these three new victories have caused another outburst of that objectionable parrot controversy, "Is Oxford decadent?" It was inevitable. We know now that it takes less than three Cambridge victories to start a "controversy" in Fleet Street.



THE OXFORD SKIPPER

M. A. McCanlis, of Cranleigh and St. Edmund's Hall, who is the new cricket captain at Oxford. He is also a Rugger Blue

Anyway, outside Oxford, there is no one who hates this fuss about Oxford more than Cambridge men. It seems to be a fact that at the moment Cambridge is slightly superior to Oxford in sport, but Oxford in the same way has many times had its good patches. And why it is now necessary to probe Oxford for its sins only the daily journalists know. Some of the reasons which Fleet Street has invented have been palpably ridiculous. A weekly paper the other day solemnly suggested that Cambridge is half as big again as Oxford. I haven't personally counted everybody, but I would not mind staking my last wad that this is sheer nonsense. There *are* a few more undergraduates at Cambridge than at Oxford, but the proportion is nothing like three to two.

Another reason advanced in the same well-informed paper was that Oxford men are dissuaded from playing games "by a new race of intellectual young dons who think it crude to pull an oar or to tackle a man, and who persuade undergraduates to think the same." The writer seems to be under the delusion (*a*) that the average undergraduate knows what the dons think; (*b*) that he would care a damn about it if he did; (*c*) that all the dons at Cambridge are over-vitalised treble Blues.

The Universities are criticised because of their apparent absorption in sport. At any rate, they retain a sense of balance about athletics, and do not (like Fleet Street) believe that the Day of Judgment has come to Oxford when it is beaten in a friendly athletic encounter.

I hope Mr. Jingo will agree with all of this. RAB.

SKETCHES BY MAC

F. J. SEABROOK

Who is this year's captain of the C.U.C.C. He is a Haileybury and St. John's man

OXFORD

SOME day they will invent a game at which Oxford will be good. And there is no more profitable speculation than as to what sort of game it is likely to be. If competitions were less hackneyed I would offer a prize to any Bystander who might invent a suitable one. But as it is I look to the films for inspiration. And surely the Ufa won't let us down.

What could be easier for the Ufa than to make a new "Metropolis" of Oxford? I promise them that H. G. Wells's back shall be turned. Let them show us new possibilities of sport, and we will be on to them like a knife.

What more profitable exercise for the physical culture specialists of Berlin than to invent a game at which it is guaranteed that Oxford shall win? Rowing and golf and Rugger have had their day. But you can no more expect our experts to keep up interest in them than you can expect our dons to teach by a curriculum of the fifteenth century. We have passed beyond such things. And you must point out some new fields for us to conquer.

So now you know where you are, my dear Bystanders. So far you have only sat and waited, and that's all very well for a time. I am the last person to belittle Milton—he came from Cambridge, and Cambridge, you know, is the place where they win Boat Races. But you now have a chance of taking part in the reformation of Oxford. You can get a finger or two in the Oxford pie—or even a thumb. But instead of pulling out a plum, you've got to put one in. It's up to you to hit on something we should be good at. All that you have to do is to invent some new game which you think will suit our style. Give it a picturesque title, remember, and devise it so that anybody except those living in the Thames Valley shall be constitutionally incapable of playing it well. The last condition is the most important, and I am afraid we cannot dispense with it. A study of the climate of Oxford ought to put you on the right track; and you will have several opportunities of studying it when you come up for Eights Week next term. Anyhow, Oxford expects that every Bystander this day will do his duty. JINGO.

An Evening With the British Athletes

BY MEL

Our artist's impression of some prominent people who attended the recent annual dinner of the British Olympic Association at The Connaught Rooms. The toast of the Association was proposed by H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, the Responder being the President of the Association, the Duke of Sutherland

PARISIANA By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"Those funny little dolls"

MES AMIS,

SELDOM has it happened in the recent rather gloomy history of Paris that one has been able to record two events of note in one and the same epistle. It would therefore be permissible to be a little exuberant on such an occasion. Yet it is perhaps more effective to state the plain facts. The two great happenings are the return of the sun and the return of Signor Zelli. It has been alleged that Signor Zelli (of Zelli's, family seat Zellovia, on the sun-kissed shores of the Adriatic) arranged at "great expense" — like the film companies do—that the sun should return to Paris at the same time that he came back to Montmartre, but this "at great expense" fills me with doubt. Signor Zelli probably learned quietly the date at which the sun would reappear, and arranged that his *rentrée* should coincide. When it comes to questions of "great expense" Signor Zelli ("Joe" to sixty-seven thousand intimates, *habitués* of his dawnsaanzhe) earmarks the gold for the "Royal Box," to which all his patrons are piloted.

"It takes one hour to get a call"

AND the "Royal Box" has been done up, and is now regally resplendent. It would really be vastly instructive to know how many people scattered all over the globe would find a pleasant interest in this little bit of information. I do not suppose that in all the world of cabarets, night restaurants, and *dancings* there is any feature so well known as the "Royal Box" of Zelli's. Nearly everybody who has done a Montmartre night has included Zelli's, and few of them can have escaped the introductory address of the Signor, with his bold promise to lead them to the best seats, those in the "Box." The point of the jest is that every seat in the establishment comes under that head, but there has yet to appear the newcomer who has failed to succumb to this touch of flattery. That phrase must have been worth nearly as much to M. Zelli as the "guinea a box" was to Mr. Beecham the ancestor. Very smart fellows have come to Montmartre to show the old hands how cabarets really ought to be run, but most of them have gone away empty of pocket. None of them has been able to coin a simple safeguard against ruin like "Royal Box." However, there you are; Signor-Monsieur-Mister Zelli is back on the job. The season has begun: Longchamp can show its frocks, and the "Tote" can get on with its Tot'ling.

"The sun-kissed shores of the Adriatic"

"Longchamp can show its frocks"

I SUPPOSE there is nothing like ridicule to bring an early death to a politician in England—to his career, I mean, of course. Very few can survive a slip that makes them the butt of the scoffer. But ridicule does not seem anything like so deadly here. French politicians are very like those funny little dolls with a blob of lead for their "understanding." The more you knock them down the faster they "bob" up again. If it were not for this characteristic I don't know how some of them could have the courage to go before the electors. Look, for example, at M. Bokanowski. M. Bokanowski is Minister of Commerce, Minister of Aviation, and Minister of Posts (which includes telephones). And if there is one topic which is the subject of ridicule in France it is the telephones. When I tell you that the leisurely telephones of England would be

MANY GOOD POINTS *Mannell*

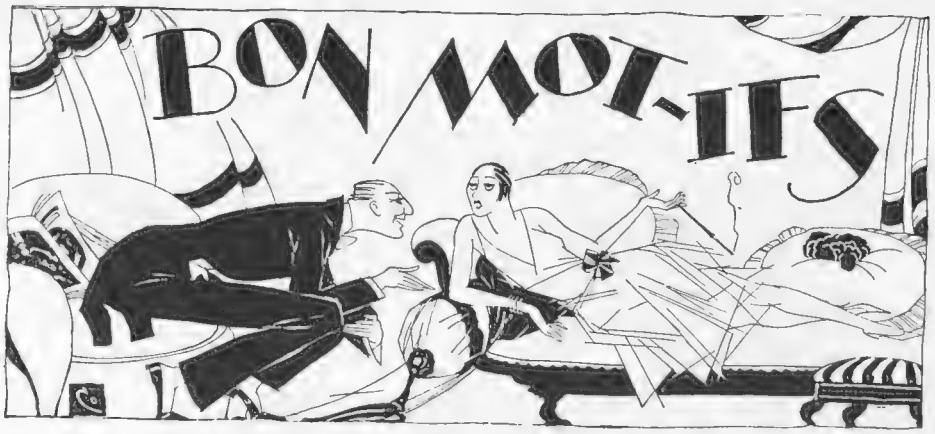
Miss Margot St. Leger, attired in a "three-piece" of somewhat original design, shows that she understands the art of dancing to the tips of her fingers—and the points of her toes. She is to appear in the West End when Jack Buchanan brings his new show, "That's a Good Girl," to Town

considered absolute perfection here, you will be able to calculate the rating. But does the candidate let that worry him? Not a bit of it. He will probably be elected as an apostle of efficiency, which he is. And it takes one an hour to get a call through to Neuilly, just outside the city walls. But you can have a call to America in a few minutes. I would like to see the British Postmaster-General seeking re-election on a record like that in a City constituency. What a lot of votes he would get—for the other fellow.

As a form of flattery, many Parisians do not at all appreciate imitation. They have a feeling that something is being stolen from them. The *Club des Cent* has just broken out in prickles because of the formation of an association which calls itself the *Club des Cent Mille*. It is very much the same as if the Carlton Club should have gone into cholerics over the constitution of the Junior Carlton. Yet surely the creation of the second provides an additional *cachet* for the first. The *Club des Cent* is an association of *gourmets* which has a high reputation. Any restaurant approved by them is set in the middle of the royal road—unless it foolishly lowers its standard. Now what harm can the Club of the Hundred Thousand do to the Club of the Hundred? A hundred thousand is obviously a mob. They never could lunch together, unless they engaged the Colombes Stadium. Whereas, to belong to the hundred finest forks of Paris is the hall-mark of an authority on *la bonne chère*. I know people who would give a hundred thousand francs to secure election. But I can't imagine anyone paying more than five francs to belong to the other body. If you can procure the Annual of the *Club des Cent*, there is nothing more of the gamble about the tables of Paris. But it isn't easy.

I HAVE just received particulars from the Autos-Diligences of a new London-Paris road service which I would certainly recommend if a journey by the delightful Rouen road along the lovely valley of the Seine needed any recommendation. Schoolday memories make the appeal of Rouen irresistible to every Briton and, to me, it has always seemed a pity that the regular London to Paris route did not pass by the old Norman capital. Naturally, it is much better to approach it by road, and this new service *viâ* Dieppe should soon meet the popularity it deserves. I have travelled that road scores of times, but it always reveals new charms. In fact, the call of that bewitching Seine Valley is so strong that I think it will succumb to the temptation *tout de suite* and pull out the old bus. After all, the sunshine is still a distinct novelty.

RENÉ.



By HARTLEY CARRICK

THE one and only Suzanne says she "would not be a tennis amateur again for anything." Perhaps because she has been a professional for something (substantial).

. . . . . .

MR. ADOLF MENJOU, the film celebrity, is reported to be engaged on an intimate new book about cookery. He might do worse than entitle his effort, "Between me'n you, and the menu."

. . . . . .

WITH regard to recent courts-martial, we have heard a lot about a Daniel come to judgment, and the noble spirit associated with the name of Dewar, but no Rugby enthusiast has yet commented on the fact that the Admiral was Collard.

. . . . .

THE Lambeth magistrate, Mr. Rooth, has resigned. He was renowned for settling matrimonial squabbles, firmly believing that Rooth was stronger than friction.

. . . . .

WHY is it, asks a correspondent, that the melodies of Tom Moore are nowadays so little read? We suggest the old reason, "*Autres* Tom, *autres* Moore."

. . . . .

THE Bishop of Gloucester, Dr. Headlam, has been concerned in a recent ecclesiastical case. When he and a Mr. Bell had rooms in the same house as the famous Dr. Spooner, the latter was asked what he thought of his "digs."

"They're all right," remarked the Doctor, "only I've Hell and Bedlam above me."

"THERE has never been a blot on the administration of Brighton's finances," writes a Brightonian. Then what about the "Old '*Steyn*'" we used to hear so much about?

. . . . . .

MR. E. V. LUCAS says that, no matter where he is, he can always amuse himself. We commend to our classical readers a variant of an old Latin tag—Lucas, eh? Non Loose-end-o!

. . . . . .

SUMMONED to pay a debt incurred by his wife for her headgear, a husband has refused to pay. Evidently he believes there should be a *cloche* season for hats.

By DON G. GORING

OF ABSORBING INTEREST

MAGISTRATE: "Well, and what is there to keep us occupied to-day?"

UNCOMMUNICATIVE CLERK: "Drink, sir. Three cases!"

FOOD AND PHYLLIS

Sweet Phyllis, do you recollect
A certain restaurant,
Where once we went, on food intent,
And found that all was bon?
My funds were like the table lights,
Inordinately low,
That night when we (for two-and-three)
Dined somewhere in Soho.

With what aplomb we chewed the bombe
(That's French, again, for "ice");
And how you roared when I encored
That tasty ox-tail twice!
The coffee-cream was just a dream
Of Heaven for you and me;
Romance was in that peaches tin,
And cheap at two-and-three!

That restaurant, maybe, has gone,
And shed its table d'hôte,
I can't recall its name at all,
And that's what gets my goat;
But if you *know, why, then, soho!*
Wire it at once; oh, do;
I want to take another girl
To dine where I took you!

. . . . . .

CHARABANCS, we are informed, have never yet been celebrated in song. Here is a chance for our minor bards (not Wilkie ones) to hymn our far-flung bottle line.

. . . . .

"WHAT happened to Sodom and Gomorrah?"

"They were destroyed by Brimstone and Treacle."

. . . . .

A CENTENARIAN explains his longevity to the fact that every night he indulges in a glass of whisky. Long may he continue to enjoy his Methuselahted spirits.

. . . . .

A MR. LAMB, desirous of visiting the Mint, complains that he was refused admittance. Mr. Lamb has our sympathy; such conduct was like the Mint sauce.

. . . . .

MOST husbands are unconcerned about the new discovery of television. They explain that already as things are their wives can easily see through them.

BY WILL OWEN

SPORTING DAYS AND SPORTING WAYS

DANCING TIME IN WALES AND HAMPSHIRE

George Weaks

Standing (left): Mr. W. Vaughan, Capt. Nevill, Mr. H. Lang-Coath, and Capt. Buckley. Sitting: Lady Suffield, Mrs. Pryse-Lloyd, Lady Deerhurst, and Lord Suffield

Some of those who were present at the recent Carmarthenshire Hunt Ball. This was held at Carmarthen, and was true to the spirit of all Hunt Balls in gaiety and popularity

George Weaks

Miss Lloyd, Mr. Kenneth Walker (Lord-Lieutenant, Pembrokeshire), Major John Francis, and Mrs. Francis

G.P.U.

The group includes Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley, Sir Morgan Crofton, Lady Ursula Horne, Mr. Newton Horne, Mr. George Bellew, and Captain Tottenham, R.N.

G.P.U.

The group includes Lady Ley, Sir Gordon Ley, Mr. P. Heneker, the Hon. Eileen Hood, Miss Van Haeften, Mr. Van Haeften, the Hon. Thomas Coke, and the Hon. Sylvia Coke

The Hursley Point-to-Point Hunt Ball proved an outstanding success this year. It was held at Marsh Court, Stockbridge, in Hampshire

SEVEN SEDUCTIVE STREETS

By DELL LEIGH *Illustrations by HOWARD K. ELCOCK*

No. V—THE LADIES' MILE

THE word "lady" has been so misused during the last few years that many people find it difficult sometimes to distinguish the real from the pseudo. But an observant morning spent in Sloane Street should set their perplexed minds at rest as to the true and comprehensive meaning of this elusive term. Moreover, they have plenty of room for their peregrination and study, for Sloane Street is exactly a mile long from the Square at one end to Knightsbridge at the other.

London streets, seductive or sinister as they may be, have vogues. Fashion moves restlessly from one known resort to the next: it gets tired of the *Maison Noire* and transfers its languid orders to the *Boutique Blanche*. Also to the *Maison Noire*, with its *Robes et Modes*, has dared to come, purse in hand, the rich plebeian; and although Madame Noire does not like the latter's figures, still less their figures of speech, she adores their money, and so cannot bring herself to drive them away. But she automatically drives the "little hundreds" away and makes a fortune out of the thrustful thousands instead: and nobody is any the worse for it.

But the Ladies' Mile has never suffered the slings and arrows of outrageous vulgarians, because the *nouveau richesse* cannot and never has been able to see in Sloane Street more than that it is a place to which boringly deaf old women, living in the God-forsaken depths of the country, sends for pounds of specified wool for the knitting of impossibly thick stockings and scarves for their male relations and dependents. Incidentally, the "Creamy people," as Topsy calls them, put up a mute prayer that they may continue so to think: for the only thing that many of them seem to have left to their exclusive use and habit is the faculty to dress extremely well without being ruled by the iron rod of fashion, whose fitful edicts leave them statuesquely cold.

You will realise that this is indubitably the Ladies' Mile if you dawdle in the Knightsbridge half of it one day: because you will see very few men; and those who are there are in all probability docilely on pre- or post-marital duty, thinking avidly about lunch at the club while agreeing with most of her views for the sake of brevity and the glass of light sherry that is toward. The women to whom this street inevitably and properly belongs are best described by the characters and personalities of the shops which serve them, as they served their grandmothers and, in the fullness of time, will certainly serve their grandchildren.

Put briefly, the outstanding characteristics of the street are a quiet good taste and a staunch conservatism to the indestructible creed of the County, coupled with a strong feminine tendency to look as alluring as possible at night, but as if by accident rather than by design. When you point out to the Creamies some of the fascinating little stories their shop-fronts tell you, a mere impressionable male, they seem rather surprised and gurgle deliciously, "You silly old thing, of *course*:

"Kindly ladies of the old school"

but you wouldn't have one wear any *other* kind, now would you?" No, one wouldn't, come to think of it. And you can't more than hint at the shop-front's tales without compromising yourself rather dangerously: so you leave it at that.

Here, for example, is a shop for shoes. You become glued to the pavement outside this window. Feminine shoes: but *such* shoes! Each perfect of its kind: every pair tells its own story—though the display of them is thoroughly careless in its lack of the art of flamboyant window-dressing. They depict the Point-to-Point woman: the woman of the old Dower House who is beloved by all the village: the girl who took a First at Oxford and is now reading for the Bar: the woman who "feels like death after those two cocktails last night. I never do that sort of thing, you know. Why did you make me?" Perchance you may be led inside. Then will the picture be complete. For you will hear voices and see visions. The voice of the woman who has hunted all her life and would have gone on doing so vigorously in her fifty-seventh year if it had not been for "that infernal foot-and-mouth in our part of the country." The vision of a black woollen stockinged foot, size 7, stretched upon a piece of measuring paper, the owner explaining for all to hear that she "must have comfort, don't you know." And of the proprietor, who is on deferentially friendly relations with women whose husbands have ruled great Provinces: but who takes little interest in the chance customer and none in those who do not realise perfection of leather and cut when they see it. The tall, keen-faced woman with a commanding presence, one of whose kinsmen, by the way, was a Company Commander of archers at

Agincourt. She is entirely unconcerned about the rather grotesque body of her 1913 car outside, into which she climbs with some shoes in a parcel, waking precipitately a coachman-converted chauffeur who has been " with the family " since 1887.

Then there is the needlework shop for the women who, sitting placidly by their own firesides (log fires—the wood was cut last month from the big covert by the Mere), still produce with their needles pictures which are stretched upon wooden frames. There is a typical shop next door, a first cousin of its neighbour, which announces that " We make stools and chairs to fit customers' own needlework." The " Dispensing Chemist " farther on, who is a close ally of the Pont Street family doctor round the corner. By force of habit he exhibits nine toothbrushes hanging by themselves on hooks, and scatters a few sponges about haphazard in the window; but there is no need for him to put anything in his window—to have a window at all, in fact, for the nurses and footmen from Hans Place and Cadogan Square would not dream of going to any other chemist with the scrawled prescription doubled up in their hand; they have always fetched the family medicine from him.

" Here is a shop showing the old four-poster Spanish bed, the heavy brass lampstand "

In the lower half of the mile stand the discreet, four-storied Georgian houses, the stones of their front doorsteps very worn but very clean, and they have gay flower boxes in their dining-room windows. (" Of course, we have had to put in a lift since mother died —the servants, you know—such a climb for them.") It says, on several of the austere area railings, " Organs and street cries are prohibited in this street "; nevertheless, a faded man stands, by right of long custom, with his back to the street, facing the green emptiness of Cadogan Gardens, thrumming weakly on a mandolin, and kindly ladies of the old school, who carry their morocco leather bags by the long straps and wear large, floppy hats trimmed with black velveteen, gravely give him pennies with an air of conferring knighthood upon him. And higher up, on the edge of shopdom, stands a patriarch with a flowing white beard selling matches; he has sold boxes of matches to three generations of Creamies, and " knows a lady when he sees one, better'n most." He has good reason to—he has seen so many. But irresistibly is one drawn back to the shopping end of this seductive street, for here the shop windows have a charm of manner unlike any others in London—a frank, unself-conscious personality, impressed upon them, of course, by the presence of their patronesses.

It is a great mistake to suppose, as some ill-informed people do, that the Mile is a street of a past era. It is in many respects rather ahead of the popular fancy. In a year or so's time the thrustful thousands will be decorating the interiors of their new flats in the Italian and Spanish style. But the Creamies have been doing so for quite a long time. Here is a shop showing the old four-poster Spanish bed, the heavy brass lampstand, the ornately carved dressing-table. Because the few-and-far-betweens who frequent this neighbourhood have decided that their houses look " atmospheric " under the rather ponderous influence of seventeenth-century Venetian art, the " attractive modern residence " off the new Arterial Road will presently be gorged with it and look ghastly. And here is yet another shop selling red, blue and green shoes made of ostrich skins, cut in the Elizabethan style; the leather has the appearance of being tooled, but these are merely the marks where the bird's feathers were plucked out. " Fascinating," says the Creamy; " wear like the devil, too—make me a couple of pairs, will you? " And presently alert women and hebraic men will glance down at self-possessed feet in Tubes and omnibuses and think in terms of big business; and later we shall see them in all the shoe shop windows. But they won't be the *real* ostrich, any more than that pair over there are made of *real* python or any other snake. But it doesn't matter; it looks like it and it is the latest mode. As soon as anything becomes " the latest " the Ladies' Mile buys it no more.

And that, when one comes to think of it, is the epitome of this street's story. For, although women have been copying other women since any of them " had a thing fit to wear," the Creamy has always had her own opinions about things and her own conservative taste in dress, upon which she acts with the infallible instinct of her kind—an instinct which cannot be studiously acquired or bargained for with gold, for only what is bred in the bone will come out in the frock —and shoe.

D. L.

BY LINDSAY CABLE

A BIRD ON THE WING

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

Produced March 22, 1928

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

IT has been for many years a favourite jest with our standard humorists that in order to concoct a Revue it was necessary to employ about sixteen authors, several lyric writers, and a composer or two. Mr. Noel Coward has now put that joke out of action completely. He is, here, not only the author of the book and the lyrics, but the composer of the music as well; and he would no doubt have taken a leading part in the presentation but for the fact that he is gaining fresh laurels elsewhere. A novel feature of this entertainment is the designation of the usual Beauty Chorus as "Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies." This is a very delicate and graceful compliment as far as it goes, though it would appear to establish a rather invidious distinction between the Young Ladies and the other charming members of the fair sex in the Revue.

THE sustained excellence of the entertainment is remarkable even for a production by Mr. Cochran, who has a peculiar genius for this branch of human industry. The lighter humorists of the revue are Miss Jessie Matthews and Mr. Sonnie Hale, who sing playful and mildly sentimental duets with perfect charm. One of their most fascinating efforts is entitled "A Room with a View." The young people are seen at an open window, through which they lean and sing of the future home with a daintiness that must bring a pleasant thrill to the heart of every hopeful maiden lady in the house.

THEN we come to Maisie Gay in "The 'Bus Rush," which is a perfect example of robust fun. As we all know, the London omnibus never stops quite where you are waiting for it, owing to the official regulation of the traffic, and in the "rush" hours (the old proverb to the contrary notwithstanding) the race is to the swift, and the battle to the strong. Miss Maisie Gay, in strictly correct walking costume, represents a lady returning from a voluminous shopping expedition, loaded with parcels all more or less fragile. She forces herself into the best place in the queue by the divine right of the superior person, only to lose it every time there is the usual dash for a 'bus that has not stopped where expected. After several rushes in competition with obviously more agile rivals, she and her parcels have to retire from the unequal contest a good deal the worse for wear. I have not heard such hearty and spontaneous laughter in a theatre for a long time. Myself, I must admit that I laughed so much that I am afraid I gave the solemn lady seated beside me the disquieting impression that I had been drinking, or something.

THEN we get some comparisons of yesterday and to-day which are both entertaining and instructive. We begin with the Lorelei, the famous rock on the Rhine, which, as we know, was the base of operations of the syren that lured navigators to their doom. Miss Adrienne Brune sings charmingly of the old legend, while Miss Laura Devine does the alluring business from the rock with her beautiful and willowy figure. But while her charms may have been fatal enough yesterday in the day of sailing ships, the advent of the river-steamer makes the going too swift to allow of a pause to admire the merely beautiful, and between the smoke and the soot of modern navigation the syren is not only half-choked but gets her schoolgirl complexion blacked right out.

ANOTHER sharp contrast between yesterday and to-day is called "Ignorance is Bliss." We are taken back to the year of grace 1890. A newly wedded

(*Continued on page 179*)

BY SUZANNE MEUNIER

Flowered muslin and lisle,
How divinely they suit ye!
With your shy, fleeting smile,
Flowered muslin and lisle
Prove you, Jeanne, all the while
A true "model" of beauty.
Flowered muslin and lisle,
How divinely they suit ye!

B. V. W

"THE SWEETEST ROSE

BY BRUNELLESCHI

E OF SUMMER'S NIGHT"

"Why the deuce
didn't I try these before?"
Pure tobacco, a natural cork-tip, snow-white paper, make all the difference in the world
MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS
20 for 1/-
CRAVEN "A"
THE CORK TIPPED CIGARETTE OF THIS GENERATION

(*Continued from page 174*)

couple of the period arrive at their lodging, with the bride manifesting all the usual signs of mid-Victorian modesty and bashfulness, till in the momentary absence of her new husband she bursts into tears and calls for mother. In 1928, however, when the bride and groom are, as the French say, *enfin seuls*, there is clear indication that they have met in this kind of strict privacy before. To old-fashioned people such a state of affairs is, of course, very dreadful, and is clear proof that the new generation is going to the dogs. But in the back pages of my standard dictionary to which I frequently turn when I want to pose as a classical scholar, I find the phrase: *O tempora! O mores!* which is translated for me as: O, the times! O, the manners! From which it would appear that the mistaken apprehension of old fogies in respect of the behaviour of the young is at least a couple of thousand years old.

ANOTHER study in contrast is the Lido Beach with the pyjama-clad frequenters, and colourful surroundings, compared with the average English seaside resort dominated jointly by Dora and Mrs. Grundy. It is a rule of the local Corporation that all males must wear a full length bathing costume, and consequently an over-zealous official comes to warn the parents of a boy of ten that their offspring is very obviously nude from the waist upwards, which is against the law. In spite of daddy's abrupt protest that it is a pity a child of that age cannot run a little wild without giving old ladies fanciful ideas, mother has to lend the child her sports-coat to comply with official ideas of decorum. This is a very laughable scene, and explains among other things why so many people prefer to take their holidays abroad.

A CHARMING turn for the middle-aged is entitled "Teach me to dance like Grandma." Here ladies in the fashion of the early 'nineties dance such pleasant antiquities as the Polka and the Mazurka, which the younger people bred on Jazz and Fox-trots find very amusing. For the others, however, the scene is tinged with a delicate sentiment that recalls a day in which the world went very well, and we had golden sovereigns in our pockets, and could cross a busy street without the aid of a white-armed policeman. Whereas now—but as my old Roman friend so aptly remarks, *O tempora! O mores!*

MISS MAISIE GAY has a wonderful song all to herself entitled "It Doesn't Matter How Old You Are!" which is quite a brilliant character study, and this delightful lady also illuminates several of the general turns during the evening. She appears in one scene as a Channel swimmer who does that sort of thing once a week as a habit. And after appearing in a Russian chorus with delightful humour, she marches on as a Policewoman eagerly discussing with a sister-officer the fascinations of White Sales while law and order are having a very rough time indeed just round the corner. Still, girls will be girls! The star dancers, of exceptional interest and quality, are Miss Laura Devine and Miss Tilly Losch, the latter of whom performs a "Dance of the Hands," which in a scene of subdued lighting has a particularly weird effect. Two most original and agile dancers are Messrs. Castleton and Mack, who perform steps and evolutions which must be seen to be believed; while Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies not only supply a most attractive singing and dancing chorus, but prove to be, as per specification, both Young and Ladylike.

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"'I need no second bidding,' he said, with an excellent attempt at dignity"

THE FIRST WIFE

By HOLLOWAY HORN

Illustration by A. W. SINDALL

THIS story centres on that forceful personality, Reuben Maltby. Sooner or later most people with whom he came into contact paid tribute to his dominating will. There was, on the face of things, no reason why his wife should not have done the same.

There were those who smiled when he married Maisie Sinclair, and it is more than possible that Maisie herself was among them. But Reuben Maltby was not a man who did anything—particularly an important thing like getting married—without due consideration. He was forty-five at the time, and Maisie some fifteen years his junior; but he looked fifty, just as Maisie might have passed for twenty-five.

"Hard-bitten"—that most expressive piece of slang!—perhaps describes him best. He had met with failure in his earlier years, but had never lost his courage or his nerve. He had been desperately poor, but had won through now, in early middle age, to a flat overlooking the Park, and to Maisie.

Maisie would have been a bit of a proposition for most men, but Reuben Maltby had "learnt about women" in a rough but efficient school, and had made a special study of one of them—his wife. And while it may be quite true that no man understands women, it is at least possible that an able man may know a great deal about one particular woman.

Hence, perhaps, the reason of the very considerable latitude allowed to Maisie in her married life. She went to this club and that, with this man and that. She reached home sometimes at one in the morning, brought her partner in for a last drink with her husband, as if such a proceeding were the most casual thing in the world.

Maisie, of course, was under no illusion about these various young men who danced to her whim. Her husband was worth, in her judgment, about six of them. The one thing they could do better than he was to dance, and that was the one thing she wanted from them. The conventional world in which the Maltbys lived was inclined to be rather cynical about Maisie's young men, but her husband treated them with an amused tolerance.

For a time he did not even take Morey Jerrol seriously, although, patently, Jerrol was a man of greater attractions—and, possibly, greater danger—than the others. He described himself as an actor, but that term is used very widely in these modern days. Probably Jerrol *had* appeared on the stage at some time or another, and the description was as apt as could reasonably be expected in a man who apparently did no work at all. In a previous age it was customary to call such a man a gentleman, and Jerrol showed a nice discrimination in words when he claimed to be an actor. He lived, in fact, by his wits; but that would not necessarily damn a man in Reuben Maltby's eyes, for he, too, on occasion had done the same. There are, however, different ways of using one's wits.

Jerrol was an exceedingly good-looking fellow, with

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

very dark eyes and hair. He was a man of whom strange, discreditable stories were told. If one disliked him—and there were many who did—one referred to him as a Dago, but his origin was so uncertain that the description might easily have been false. His wits, plus his very presentable appearance, provided him with an income sufficient for his simple needs.

Maisie met him at the Palette Club, which is the sort of place where one would meet him. He danced perfectly, but that fact alone would not have distinguished him, for the Palette Club is full of young men who dress and dance perfectly. There was, however, something about him beyond his clothes and his dancing. Personality, a certain gift of swift epigram, that vague and slightly sinister reputation, might all have contributed to it. The young man who had taken Maisie to the club felt rather out in the cold, and, in his own expressive phrase, " tricked off " with another partner, leaving Maisie with the Dago—as, there is very little doubt, he called Jerrol. The original young man did not mind particularly. For three months he had made love in vain to Maisie, and he was not a young man designed for sustained effort.

" Your husband does not dance, Mrs. Maltby? " Jerrol asked, after they had danced awhile in silence.

" Very little and very badly," she said.

" A strong, silent man, I do not doubt."

Maisie laughed at that. " You know him, evidently," she said.

" To me husbands are a class. If one knows one, one knows all."

" You are, I gather, not a husband? "

" Have you any doubt on the matter at all? "

" I thought it possible you might have been divorced. I understand that divorced men are often excellent dancers."

" You suggest that was why they were divorced? "

And so on. Frothy, and at the time amusing enough.

That night Maisie went home alone in her husband's Rolls to find him, as she often did, reading.

" Hallo! Had a good time? " he greeted her.

" Fair. I went on to the Palette. Met a man called Jerrol, a perfectly wonderful dancer."

" Jerrol? Never heard of him."

" He's just nothing," said Maisie. " But he *can* dance."

Reuben Maltby, however, despite his casual attitude, found out several things about Morey Jerrol during the next few days. He had ways and means of finding out things about a man, and when he met him—and sooner or later he always did meet Maisie's young men—Jerrol would have been very uncomfortable—and very surprised—if he had gauged the extent of his host's knowledge.

It was rather late that night, even for Maisie.

" I say, Reuben," said his wife as she came in, " I want you to meet Morey Jerrol."

" How d'you do? " Maltby inquired; but, without waiting for the information, added: " Whisky? "

" No, thanks. I never touch whisky," said Jerrol.

" Why not? " asked Maltby, with a pleasant smile.

" I just don't, that's all," replied Jerrol with an equally pleasant smile. Maltby was exactly like all the other husbands he had met. Complacent—stupid. Whisky . . . the number of husbands who had invited him to drink whisky was amazing.

" Well, what do you think of him? " Maisie asked her husband when Jerrol had gone.

" He's like the others, my dear. Still, so long as he pleases you, I don't mind. You dance with him; I don't."

" Sometimes I wish I had insisted on your learning to dance," said Maisie. " I believe that once upon a time you would have done so if I *had* insisted."

" My dear child, if I tried for years I should never dance as well as these young fellows do. There are one or two things I can do fairly well. Better to stick at them, I think."

" As a matter of fact, you don't like Jerrol," said Maisie.

" I didn't say so! "

" You don't," she insisted. " I can see it."

" He doesn't appeal to me; but, then, I've no use whatever for men of his type. I don't actively dislike *him*. I think it would be rather a waste of energy if I did," he added with a smile.

Within a few weeks, however, he found that the new dancing partner was a force to be reckoned with. It was not that Jerrol had fallen in love with Maisie—all her young men did that—but Maltby had noticed a vague, wistful preoccupation in his wife which worried him. Sometimes, when she returned from one or other of the clubs, he noticed a reticence in her, a sense of strain. Maisie had had a great deal of rope, but the last thing her husband desired her to do with it was to hang herself.

Now, Maltby was a man who would dislike reticence in his wife, and he made up his mind that he would smash the thing which had come between them. He himself was late in reaching home on the night he chose to do the smashing. He had been to a particularly dull banquet, and when he let himself into his house he was in a mood in which the old precarious life seemed more attractive than the affluent security of the later years. Such moods were rare with him. He heard voices in the library, and found, as he had anticipated, that his wife and Jerrol had also returned.

" Hallo! You're late," Maisie said. " How did the banquet go off? "

He shrugged his shoulders.

" Have a whisky, Jerrol? " he asked.

" No, thanks. Maisie's just shaken a cocktail."

" So I see. Whisky's better for you. I want to talk to you two."

He sat down and solemnly filled and lit a pipe while they watched him.

" What's wrong, dear? " Maisie asked.

" I'll tell you. I was never a man to beat about a bush, as you know. It has come to my knowledge—how, doesn't matter—that you young people are in love with each other."

For a moment or so there was a silence.

" You know, Reuben, you really shouldn't go to these banquets," Maisie said easily.

" I quite agree with you, dear," responded her husband, and went on: " You've said nothing whatever, I notice, Jerrol."

" What is there to say? One doesn't argue about such absurd statements."

" You don't, surely, deny that you are in love with Maisie? " demanded Maisie's husband.

" Well . . ." Jerrol began awkwardly.

(*Continued on page 184*)

A Charming Heroine

Janet Jevons

MISS GRIZELDA HERVEY

Who is making a great success in that successful new play, "Thunder in the Air," at the Duke of York's Theatre. True to its name, "Thunder in the Air" is creating a storm in London, and is, indeed, a play of exceptional merit

(Continued from page 182)

"I shouldn't bother to lie, Jerrol, if I were you. It's got to be a good liar to get over me, anyway. I take it, then, that you agree you are in love with Maisie. I'm not annoyed about it, by the way; you needn't be nervous. Indeed, I can quite understand it; I used to be in love with her myself."

"*Used* to be?" demanded Maisie, incredulously.

"That was what I said. But I want to get this thing on a straight footing. Here we are, three modern people—three reasonable, broad-minded people. And you and my wife are in love with each other. That, I think, is the position."

Suddenly Maisie laughed. "Go on, Reuben," she said. "I like you when you're being broad-minded and tolerant. Go on! Suppose we *are* in love with each other, what then?"

"That's the point," said Maltby, gravely. "What then?"

"But this is ridiculous!" Jerrol protested. "I assure you, Maltby . . ."

"I shouldn't," said Maltby. "You see, Jerrol, old chap, you're in a sort of a dilemma. You cannot admit what I say, and you cannot, in decency to Maisie, repudiate it."

"I . . . I admire Mrs. Maltby tremendously."

"Maisie you mean, surely? You always *do* call her Maisie."

"Maisie, then."

"My dear Jerrol, 'admire' will suffice. You are one of those men—I don't want to be rude; as I said, I have no hard feeling against you at all—but you are one of the 'if-only-we-had-met-before' brigade. You tack yourself on to some married woman or other and proceed to bleat about 'if only we had met before.' Usually it comes off, but in this case you've made rather a mess of things, I'm afraid."

"I'm sorry to interrupt your speech, Reuben, but would you mind giving me a cigarette?" Maisie asked.

"Certainly."

Maisie lit her cigarette. "That's better," she said. "Now go on, dear, and tell us how poor Mr. Jerrol has made a mess of things."

"Because in this case the woman he chose was not a married woman."

"I shall really think you *have* been exceeding, Reuben, if you talk like this," said Maisie. "Do all gentlemen who attend banquets go on like this when they get home?"

"You see, I was married. My first wife is still alive," Maltby said solemnly.

"Are you joking?" Maisie's voice had suddenly lost its flippancy.

"No. Now, my dear Jerrol, it is up to you. And your course is perfectly clear. There's no question of 'If only we had met before' now."

"Possibly not," said Jerrol. "Unfortunately, as Maisie knows, I haven't a bean."

"'If only we had met before'! It's queer, but you did use that phrase," said Maisie, thoughtfully. "Look here," she said, and there was a new note in her voice, "you'd better go. I want to talk to Reuben."

Jerrol stiffened, and rose. He was a young man who could always take a hint when it suited him.

"I need no second bidding," he said, with an excellent attempt at dignity.

"Of course you don't," said Maltby, with a smile. "But I'm afraid Maisie is a little precipitous."

"No, I'm not!" said Maisie. "Good-night!" she went on, turning to her dancing partner.

Mr. Jerrol closed the door very quietly behind him.

"He's more like a frightened rabbit than a man," said Maisie's husband.

"Anyway, I was getting very tired of him," Maisie replied. "I'm through with all of them. I want to get away!"

"You mean that, Maisie?"

"Yes. Take me out of it all, Reuben! Away . . . anywhere!" The sudden vehemence in her voice amazed him.

"Good!" he said. "That's what I've wanted you to say for a long time." He had taken her comprehensively in his arms. "I knew sooner or later you would get tired of it. We'll have a second honeymoon."

She smiled up at him. "Do you know, Rube, that for a moment I half believed what you told Jerrol. You put it across perfectly."

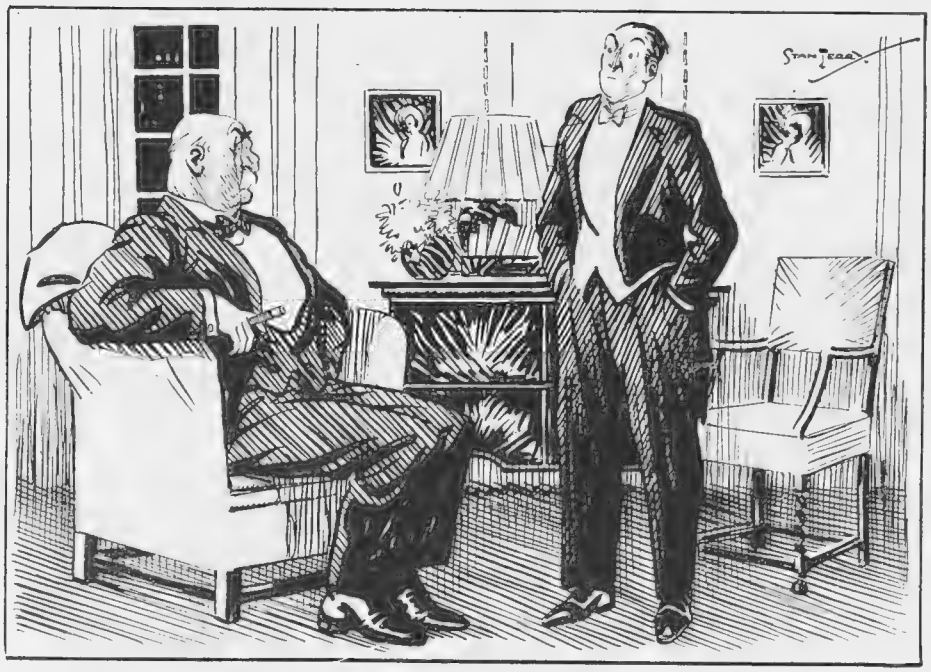
"It was quite true," he said.

"Nonsense!" she said, confidently.

"I said I was married and that my first wife was still alive. So you are."

She smiled as she kissed him. And there was something in her kiss which told him that he had still much to learn about her.

H. H.



By Stan Terry

"A MARRIAGE *HAS* BEEN ARRANGED . . ."

Father: "Have you come to ask if you can marry my daughter?"
Young Man: "Oh, no, Sir! I've come to tell you she says I can"

"A-Hunting We Will Go"

MAJOR G. A. BURGOYNE, MASTER OF THE WYLYE VALLEY, LECTURING ON HUNTING ETIQUETTE

MISS ROBIN WATERS, STEP-DAUGHTER OF THE MASTER

The Wylye Valley Hunt recently held, for the first time, a special meet for children. It was arranged on similar lines to an adult meet, the children having a stirrup-cup consisting of lemonade and cake; while before the field moved off the Master gave a lecture on the object and etiquette of hunting

MISS K. F. COLLINS

Photographs

MISS ELIZABETH AND MISS ANNE BROMLEY

Central Press

MISS CLARE AND MISS EILEEN PHIPPS

The Public Schools at Stamford Bridge

Central News

The Final of the 120 Yards Hurdles, which was won by G. DYAS (Lancing), seen furthest from the camera

Central News

J. SIMPSON (Oundle), the Holder, winning the Long Jump with a jump of 22ft. 3¾ins.

Topical

T. B. L. BRYAN (Monkton Combe) (left), winning the Half Mile from H. S. TOWNSEND (St. Edmund's, Canterbury)

The Public Schools Sports meeting at Stamford Bridge resulted in a victory for Oundle with 28 points, Lancing being second with 22, and St. Edmund's, Canterbury, the holders of the Public Schools Challenge Cup, fifth with 13 points. Fifty schools were represented, and the standard of performance was on a very high level

Sport and General

A. A. BLANCHE (Rutlish), who won the One Mile Walk

A Great Day for the Ladies

MISS JOYCE WETHERED with C. J. H. TOLLEY, whom she beat 3 and 2

MLLE. S. THION DE LA CHAUME and R. H WETHERED, whom she beat by 1 hole

MLLE. LE BLAN beat CAPT. A. G. PEARSON, seen with her, by 3 and 2

MAJOR C. O. HEZLET was beaten by MISS MOLLY GOURLAY by 3 and 2

In this year's match between Men and Ladies at Stoke Poges the Ladies inflicted a heavy defeat on the Men, who gave them the odds of a half, this being their second win since this annual fixture was started. In the Singles they won seven of the ten matches, two being halved. The result of 4-1 for the Men in the Foursomes did something to reinstate the honour of the "stronger" sex

Photographs

MISS DOROTHY PEARSON and O. C. BRISTOWE, to whom she lost by 2 holes

Sport and General

MRS. P. GARON and B. DARWIN, who halved their match

Keystone

A PICTURESQUE WEDDING

Lieutenant H. B. Moorehead, R.N., and his bride, Miss Betty Russell Roberts, passing under the crossed swords of their guard of honour. The wedding took place at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street

Femina

BACK FROM THE COUNTRY

By "CANDIDA"

APRIL is always a quiet month in Town: I don't exactly know why. People are supposed to be returning for the Season—at least, I read about their returning every morning, but as to seeing them, or even hearing of them outside print, that's another matter. The weather is ungrudgingly kind (at the time of writing), and the Park a paradise of new leaves, late daffodils and early tulips, to say nothing of adorable babies and the last word in dogs. But there's precious little audience to stand about and stare. The best people are still away cultivating their gardens, or, anyway, walking about in them. I don't blame them. In the country the show just now is at its best. The blossom is like a fairy-tale straight from Japan. The daffodils are hardly over, the tulips well begun. Nothing's sad and done with, as it will be later on when it takes a gardener all his time to cover up the tracks of some departed beauty, when you're always missing the old friends that delighted you such a short time ago.

YES, there's everything to be said for the country in April and a quiet life—motors, of course, permitting. I was sure of it a week ago when I came back from Devonshire, where the birds had sung industriously, and the Spring had behaved as it ought to, and did in the poems that were written ages ago. Why, I wondered to myself, go back to Town and exchange all this loveliness (I won't bore you with the usual catalogue) for streets, and fish shops, and engagements? My balcony to satisfy one's longing for out-of-doorness instead of the vast green spaces of a garden; a window-box of tired forget-me-nots to make up (quite inadequately) for the fresh beauty of an herbaceous border; the chirp of a sparrow or two instead of the song of larks; and the difficult correctness of towny frocks to replace the easy anyhowishness of those dear shabby country clothes—a shabbiness and anyhowishness, by the way, which is the result of careful mellowing, and not by any manner of means a mere accident of time.

IN the country you can't wear new clothes with impunity, and to look decently rustic a new hat should be left out in the rain for a fortnight. This is because self-consciousness, by which I mean clothes-consciousness, is out of the picture. You and I may pretend that we never suffered from anything of the sort, that we've got a soul above new clothes, and all that. Perhaps we have; but, all the same, one doesn't always hit off the proper aloofness in the wearing of them.

ALAS! By now the country is just another green memory. Those dear old tweeds will blush unseen (so to speak) in my cupboard for months, and it's high time to be thinking of heat-waves and of what to be suitably hot in while the wave lasts. I don't know whether it's due to the promise of real Spring in the air, or to my longing to be away in places where it's fulfilled into something more than a sooty tree or two, but I can't take the new clothes as seriously as they deserve, or, anyway, expect. They're meant to be frightfully new. Obviously, someone's taken a great deal of trouble. But why, I ask, this insane quest as if novelty were an end in itself? Why not take a hint from the world we live in? From Nature, who's content with her four annual performances and dares to repeat herself for ever and ever; which isn't saying that spring isn't often a chilly disappointment, summer a depressing downpour, autumn a deathbed repentance, and winter—well, the less said about winter and all its unpleasant ways the better.

Russell and Sons

LEAVING THE CHURCH

Lieutenant R. C. Didham and his bride leaving St. Michael's, Yorktown, Camberley, after their wedding. Mrs. Didham was formerly Miss Audrey McDougall

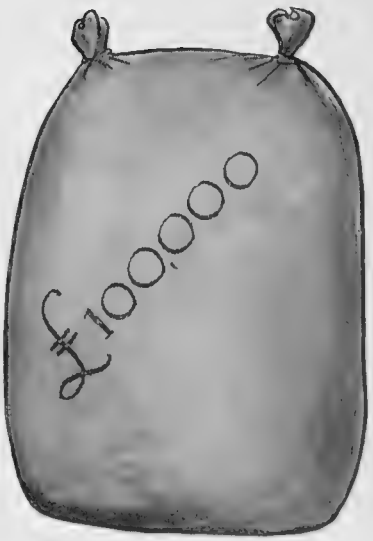
ALL the same, one knows the seasons for what they are, or are meant to be. With such a good example, why always insist on going one better?—even if it were possible, which it isn't. The designer people are convinced that it is, and that they get there every time. They have a jealous eye and a half on each other's performances, and what's left is on the public.

BUT the best public doesn't really pant for novelty. It just endures it. All it asks for is a quiet life and the possibility of making a decent show with last year's clothes. Novelty! It hates the word. It stands for constant effort and money to be spent. It means everlastingly readjusting one's point of view and reorganising one's life. It makes one long for a day when there will be no eager expectation every spring and autumn; when the new frock will be so like the old frock that only an expert can see the difference. But I'm not sure that I'm as keen on that day as I ought to be. Having a soul above clothes may be good for the soul, but souls left to themselves aren't exactly decorative. And in Town what is there to do but to be decorative?

Nice and loose about the shoulders this morning. Crack! . . . Straight down the fairway . . . Nice little course. Dash—sliced that one . . . Better take a niblick . . . Well out, sir! Next hole's a short one—full mashie. Thanks for the game—enjoyed it . . .What about a Worthington?

THE SWEEP SEASON

By PENDARVES



EVERY year about this time the same thing happens to us. Someone offers us, on payment, a ticket for a Derby sweep. At first we say "Not I! I had enough of that last year, thanks." And then we buy one. I am, at the moment of going to Press, in possession of —, but we will come to that later. I am still trying, unsuccessfully, to find the man who knows how to say "No" to the sweepstake menace. Difficult this, because, as far as it is possible to calculate, two-thirds of the population of Great Britain are at the moment "in" for one or other of the Derby speculations that sweep the country from end to end.

There seems to be two schools of thought about the Derby sweepstakes. There is the pessimist who points out to you, after you have expended a couple of pounds, that the chances against your getting the first prize work out at about two hundred and fifty thousand to one. And then, of course, the futility of the business hits you, as New York says, right where you live. But, against this, there is the inveterate sweeper who affirms optimistically that SOMEONE has got to win the darn thing and it is "just as likely as not to be you." On hearing this you feel sorry you didn't take three of the S.E. Mutual Subscription Fund vouchers, instead of the measly one, when your broker gave you the chance.

My Broker has done a very clever thing with me this year, by the way, in the matter of the sweep which is "limited to members of the Stock Exchange" —what a lot of members they must have! He has sold me a ticket at the reduced price of eighteen shillings. I score two bob on the deal. On the other hand, I have contracted, while he fumbled for the drink money as we concluded the bargain, to pay him 10 per cent. of any winnings that may accrue. In the excitement of the moment—he had a great wad of probable winning numbers in his fist at the time—I said, "Of *course*, ol' man; very good of you to let me in on this." Now it has occurred to me that IF I win I have got to shell out to him the portentous sum of £10,000 in return for the two shillings I have saved, and I don't think I like him very much, the more especially as he seems to have got twenty-four other victims roped in on the same basis. But then one ought to be a business man—I have always said so.

Meanwhile I carry the scrip—I believe that is the correct expression —about with me in my impoverished note-case, side by side with a contract note confirming a little flutter I am having in Russo-Asiatics, which seem to go steadily downhill; and occasionally I take the scrip out and have a look at it. I am looking at it now. No. 172509. Well, it has got a 7 in it, anyway—that's *something*—and the figures total up to 24, that's something, too, isn't it? It looks like a winning number, somehow, to me. But then, of course, I said that last year and the year before . . .

However, I am up to the neck in it this season. I have got the Sweep Complex, badly. Two tickets at my club; one at another fellow's club, limited to members only; one at the golf club; one at another golf club; a third share in some sweep up in Manchester, I don't know quite what, and never shall; a fifth share in a Calcutta Syndicate in Bombay. All I know about this is that I received a laconic postcard from a pal in the P.W.D. out there, who wrote, "Calcutta Sweep, as promised; you are on. Please send me a couple of quid *by return*, or can't keep you in; *don't forget!*" This seemed so important and peremptory that I felt inclined to wire him five in order to get even further "on."

And they say that when Frank Curzon won the Derby with Call Boy he received over a million begging letters. The question therefore obviously arises, should one have one's letter-box enlarged *in time*, so as to obviate the necessity of continually going to the postman at the front door? I must consider this matter seriously some time this month, because YOU NEVER KNOW. Although all our plans are laid most carefully. We are instantly going abroad in one of these *de luxe* cruising liners—with two cabins on "A" deck —during the time that the whooping body is being built to the 20 Rolls, and they are putting the Napier Tiger engines into the motor boat on the Solent. We may or may not take in the Holy Land on our way home; we are not quite sure. Oh, and I shall pay my tailor before I leave; I can promise him *that*, anyhow. I think it is quite likely also that I may buy a new brassy.

Short of winning the Stock Exchange or Calcutta Sweep—or both—myself, nothing would please me more than to see it won by some poor devil who wants the money very nearly as badly as I do. What will happen, however—I can feel it in my bones already—will be that it will be won by Henry Ford, or somebody of that ilk. All we must do in a suppositious case of that sort, I suppose, is to hope that he will have a nice day for it.

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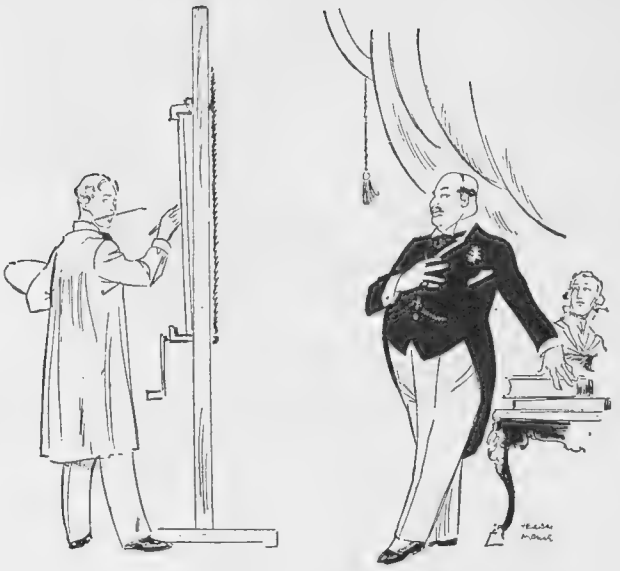
AND SO WE GO ON

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*



"Painting portraits of the Gilded Ones of the Earth"

LONDON, *April* 23.

DEAR COUSIN,

RATHER nice feeling, isn't it, when the orchestra's struck up, and's playing something rather sweet and snappy, and you know the curtain's just going to go up in about half a minute on a new show? New as shows go, that is, because, after all, there's mostly a sort of a family resemblance, is not there? And didn't some one once say there were really only about six plots; but thank Heaven we've still got, and 'll always preserve, let's hope, that priceless gift of being eternally thrilled and surprised. . . .

Debutantes all busy

PLAY now about to begin being—yes, yet another of those pleasing and quite often positively absorbing comedies, entitled *The London Season,* or *Dancing Time,* or *Home with the Milk,* or *Frocks and Thrills,* or *Cocktails and Laughter,* or *One Dam Thing After Another,* or whatever you like to call it. Simply heaps and lots of scenes there are in it, too, masses more than in any mere theatre piece I ever met . . . Ciro's, Embassy, Ritz, Berkeley, Savoy, and all the rest of the best pubs and clubs (though not any more, alas, Chez Victor, M. Victor being no more *chez nous*) . . . Hurlingham, Ranelagh, Roehampton, Wimbledon, with perfectly good super-supers knocking balls about in a lifelike manner on a refreshingly bright green stage . . . Sandown, Ascot, etc., complete with real horses, better than anything they ever put on even at the old-time Drury Lane . . . dukes' houses, millionaires' mansions, and even the Royal Palace itself with Royalty (God bless 'em!) in the leading parts. Some drama, what?

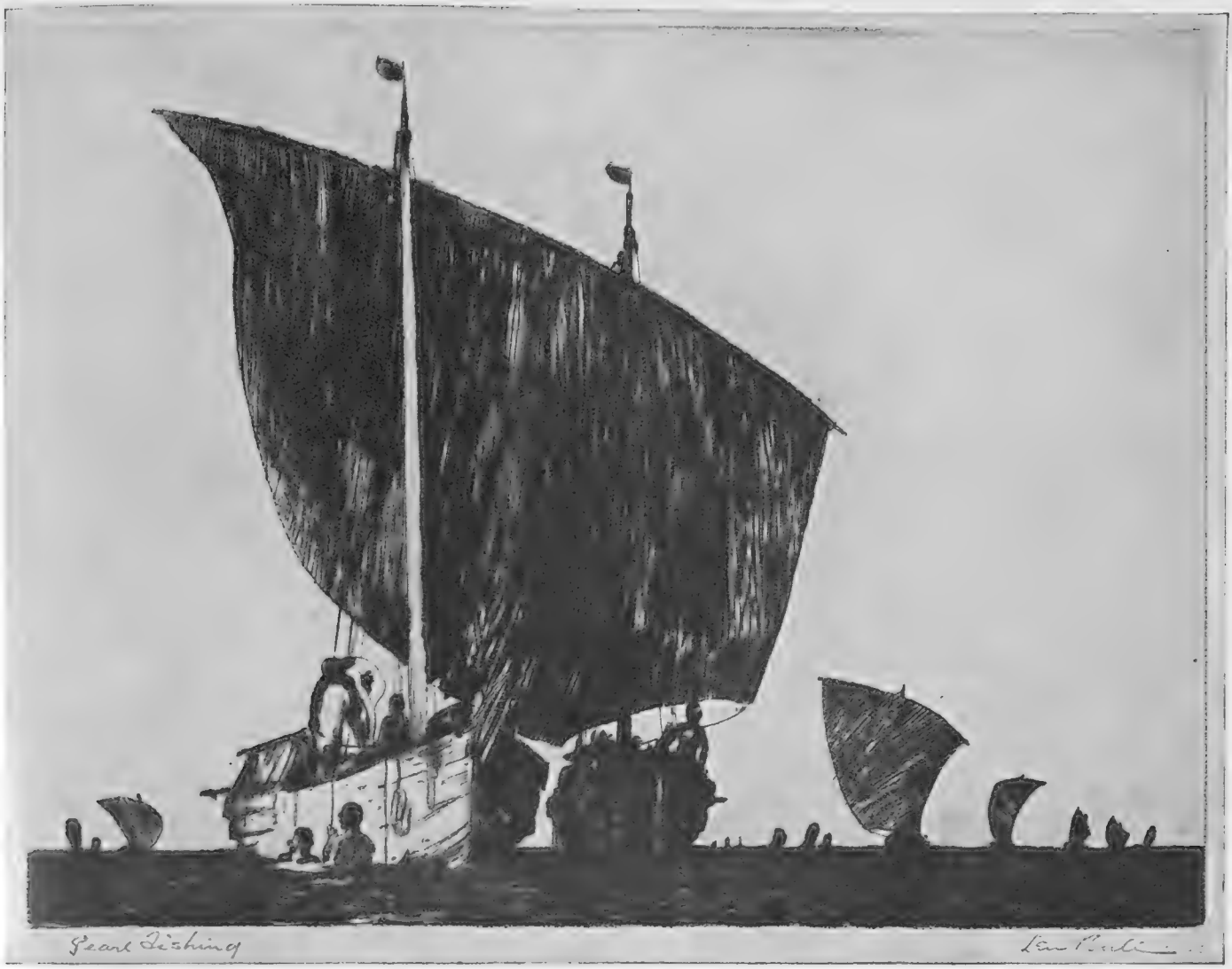
AND some Summer Time life, too, which is also worth mentioning, because certainly it does make somewhat of a big difference to our mere existence having a whole extra hour daily added on thereto, does not it? Sole and only snag being that—well, takes a bit of will-power at first, methinks, forcing yourself sometimes to dress-and-dine in broad daylight; but, after all, that's a weakness soon conquered. And if strain's altogether too great, first acts of plays, for instance, *can* be missed. Though rather wonder why theatres don't all start nine-ish or even later (like in Madrid) once the late Mr. Willett begins to function . . . p'raps one day they will, though I 'spose Madrid hasn't got any last trains to Tooting and all that sort of thing, not to mention Dora. *What* a life!

AND *So We Go On,* as they say at the Troc:—or anyway that's the title of the really very nice new supper-time show there that one blows in to after the theatre, or even earlier if you just happen to've been having a fairly latish evening doing nothing in particular. Said entertainment being thoroughly replete with every modern convenience in the way of song and dance, including colourful ballet, and marvellous roller-skating, and utterly irresistible efforts by a horse called Pogo, which isn't exactly one of those real ones that run races and things, 'strue, but has the most lovely profile in the world and Charlestons and fox-trots in an entirely angelic manner. The whole to the accompaniment of oysters and *poussin* and bubbly and the like, served diligently and uninterruptedly the while—must say I *do* rather appreciate art *plus* eats, and not a bit surprised the purely theatre people sometimes get just a shade jealous of the restaurant - and - show ones. I mean, can see myself feeling quite fairly benevolent to even some of London's dullest so-called mystery or musical efforts if only they'd lay us little well-furnished tables *à deux* all along the stalls; can't you?

The Ritz

NOT that I care so terribly about my meals — regular ones, at any rate — and should simply hate to be completely tied down to this

(*Continued on page* 196)



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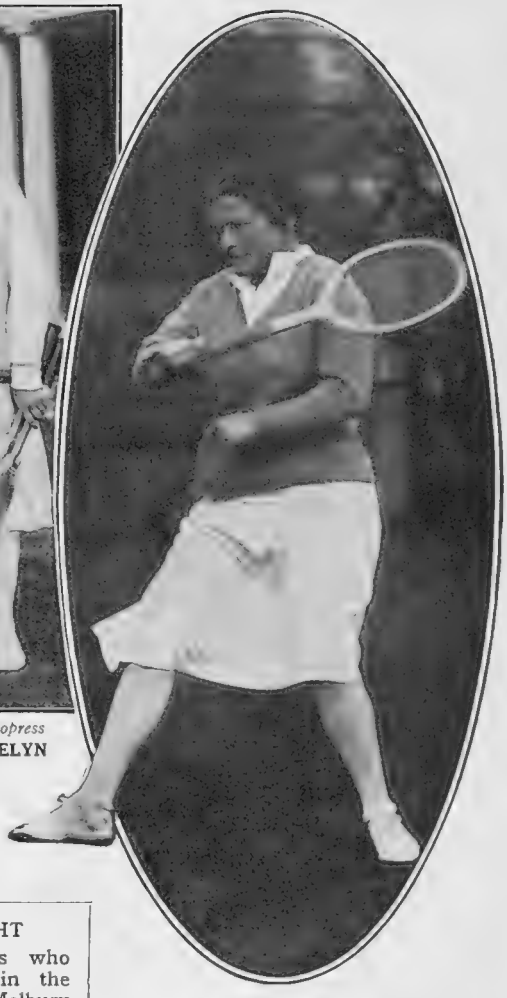
Recent Ladies' Events on the Courts

Photopress

MRS. R. LYCETT (left), MISS BETTY NUTHALL, MISS E. A. GOLDSACK, MISS EVELYN COLYER, MISS G. R. STERRY, AND MRS. COLEGATE

These ladies formed the Surrey team which competed in the Inter-County Women's Hard Court Championship held at the Northwick Club, Harrow. The team, which was a particularly strong one, emerged victorious in the competition, meeting Gloucestershire in the final, and beating them by ten matches to two



Sport and Genera

MISS RYAN

Who beat Mrs. W. D. List 6—1, 6—3, in the fourth round

IN THE LAST EIGHT

Three of the competitors who reached the last eight in the Women's Singles at the Melbury tournament. There were some long-drawn-out matches in this competition

Photographs

MISS S. C. LUMLEY ELLIS

Beat Mrs. A. K. Guyer 4—6, 6—2, 6—3, in the fourth round

Sport and General

MRS. W. D. LIST

After beating Miss G. N. Thompson, lost her match in the fourth round to Miss Ryan

People in the Golf and Rugger News

Sport and General

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET EARL JELLICOE AND CAPT. F. K. C. GIBBONS

THE NAVY AT GOLF

Three of the competitors in the R.N. and R.M. Golfing Society's Spring Meeting at Wentworth. The Championship was won by Major R. A. D. Brooks

Sport and General

THE SPOILS OF VICTORY

Some of the prizewinners at the "Eve" Spring Medal Foursomes at Wentworth. In the centre are Mrs. Percy Garon and Mrs. Herbert Guedalla, winners of the Challenge Cup, and on the extreme left and right Miss Cecil Leitch and Mrs. Kennedy, who won the 18 Holes Scratch Competition over the old course

Photopress

VICE-ADMIRAL H. D. R. WATSON

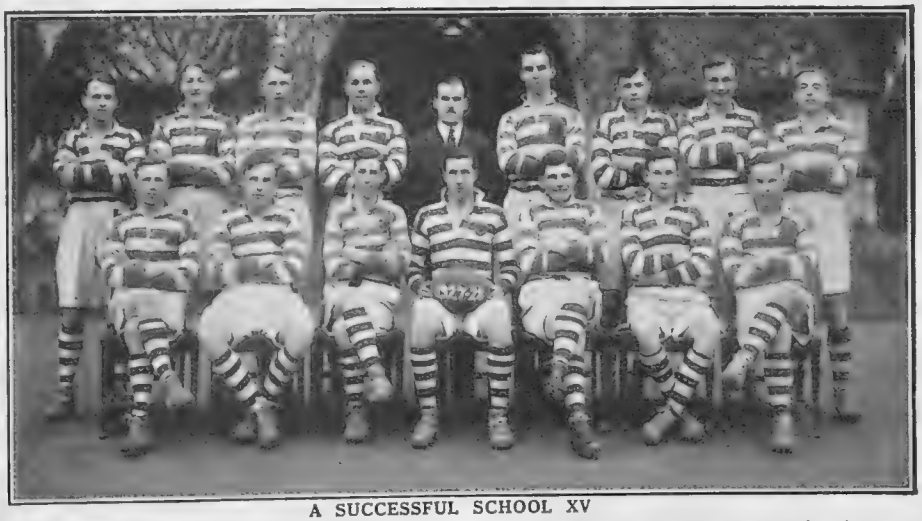
Topical

CHEERING THE LOSERS

Hallsall, captain of the victorious Swinton team, leading the cheers for Warrington, the runners-up, after the Rugby League final at Wigan. Swinton won by 5 points to 3

Photopress

ADMIRAL SIR SYDNEY FREMANTLE



A SUCCESSFUL SCHOOL XV

The Epsom College XV, which has brought its season to a close with eleven wins and one loss in the twelve matches they have played. The names of those in the photograph are, standing: I. W. T. Milton (left), H. P. Costobadie, J. E. S. Carmichael, C. S. Taylor, Mr. E. S. Adamson, J. W. H. Hodgson, E. R. M. Bowerman, H. B. J. Nevett, and J. D. Macpherson. Sitting are: A. J. Douglass (left), J. D. Pennington, R. M. H. Anning, J. L. Reid, D. L. Rhys, J. A. R. Robertson, and A. B. St. John

(Continued from page 192)

lunch-bell life, as someone calls it in one of the latest novels, and moored to a mutton-chop. Which reminds me somehow of the very latest war book I've been reading, rather flamboyantly called "Slaves of the War Lords," but oh, such a simple story really and, one can't help feeling, devastatingly true, of a man who was a private in the war, and went through all sorts of dreadful things till he was finally knocked out, as they say, in the last big German push in the Spring of 1918—just ten years ago. What made me think of it, though, was the way, when they were in the front line, apparently rations used to run terribly short sometimes, and for two or three days, perhaps, they'd be facing unspeakable horrors without even enough to eat.

卐

HAVE just been reading two other war books, by the way—did I tell you? One called "The Somme," by A. D. Gristwood, and the other "A Subaltern on the Somme," by Mark VII. And these three books, believe me, dear Cousin, have shown me, somehow, as I'd never quite seen before, what war really means, what it meant to those wonderful men who went through with it, Heaven knows how. There are no words for it: it's so appalling and heartbreaking, and I wish everyone would read them—yes, including and especially the generals and statesmen whom Mr. H. G. Wells refers to in the preface to "The Somme." After reading these books I'm a pacifist to the bone, and anything else you like so long as it doesn't happen again.

"Top marks to Charles I"

BUT it won't, I'm sure, or, anyway, I'm going to make-believe I'm sure. And here we are right on the threshold of a nice new season, with opera starting at Covent Garden next Monday as ever is. Also Academy P.V. happening next week—whereat, they say, there are going to be more portraits than ever, and no wonder, seeing as how that's the only way, apparently, artists can even begin to earn a kind of a living wage these days, by painting pictures of the Gilded Ones of the Earth, for a price I mean. Though even the most devastatingly of an R.A. Mayors can't be worse than some of the London statues Lord Edward Gleichen's just written a book about, whereof he awards the Bad Conduct Prize to the one of Lord Byron in Hyde Park—and, of course, top marks to Charles I at Charing Cross.

卐

DÉBUTANTES are all busy, too, in Bond Street and environs blewing their hundred or so on presentation trousseaux. And oh, by the way, the Budget's arriving, too, but that's, meseems, a somewhat possibly disturbing thought, what? Let's forget it.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

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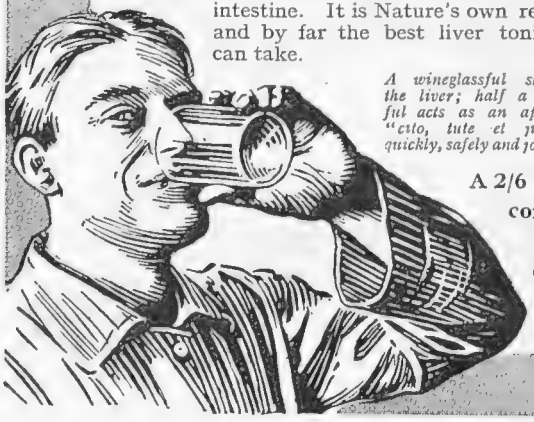

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The Riviera Week by Week

By DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

C. N. Daly

AT MONTE CARLO

The Australian Tennis Team photographed under the Monte Carlo sun. Norman Brookes (left), J. Crawford, G. Patterson, H. O. Hopman, and J. B. Hawkes

ACCORDING to tradition, though not to actual fact, the Riviera season is now drawing to a close. A large proportion of the visitors who have been here throughout the winter months have now made their way northward, dreaming, no doubt, of the charms of an English Spring, which are very beautiful sometimes, though rather uncertain. Other visitors, however, are arriving daily to take their places, and at considerable reductions on the charges of the full season, and they will enjoy the beautiful weather which is almost inevitable here during April and May. The villa gardens are now looking at their very best, and it was a happy idea to ask some of the owners of the more notable gardens between Menton and Nice to throw them open for a day at a fee, handing the proceeds over to the Queen Victoria Memorial Hospital at Mont-Boron.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT returned to London, looking all the better for their holiday in Cannes, and both said they had thoroughly enjoyed their golf at Mandelieu, so we are hoping to see them back again next winter for a longer stay.

Rey

A WEDDING AT CANNES

Mr. Alex Philippi, the well-known polo player, photographed with his bride, Miss Marjorie Dallett. They are seen leaving St. George's Church, Cannes

THE last tennis tournament at La Festa at Monte Carlo proved to be more interesting than anyone had dared to hope, thanks largely to the presence of the Australian players and to the very fine performance of Rogers, an English resident at Nice who had not hitherto attracted much attention, but who surprised the crowd by his defeat of Gerald Patterson. It was altogether a notable week. The Russian Ballet season followed, and once again Serge de Diaghileff provided some delightful and most artistic evening entertainments.

NICE is now beginning her annual International Military Horse Show, and the traffic between the centre of the town and the scene of the contests, which lies between the aerodrome by the shore and the racecourse, is very brisk each day.

A WEDDING which aroused much local interest was that of Mr. Alex Philippi, the polo player, who has a home in Cannes and an estate near Winchester, and is fortunate enough to be one of the directors of that phenomenally successful business, J. and P. Coats, of Paisley, with Miss Marjorie Virginia Dallett, daughter of a former Philadelphia judge, who has been spending the season with her mother in a villa in Cannes. The bridesmaids were American girl-friends of the bride; Mr. George Philippi, brother of the bridegroom, was best man; and most of the well-known members of the Anglo-American colony still in the district were at the ceremony.

As these will be my last Notes of the present season it may be useful to assure readers who are thinking of trying a summer visit to the Riviera that they will be able not only to count on fine weather during the next five or six months, but to find ample amusement and the best of hotel accommodation awaiting them. This year will certainly establish a fresh record for the number of hotels which are keeping open throughout the summer months. At Monte Carlo, where important changes are taking place next month in the administration of the principal hotels, and where the Hôtel de Paris, the Café de Paris, the Hermitage, and all the bars and refreshment-rooms attached to the Casino and the International Sporting Club, will be placed under the skilled management of the Carlton group from Cannes, there will be many quite new attractions for the summer visitors, of which the famous La Festa Country Club will be the principal. At Cannes the Grand Hotel, with its fine garden on the sea-front, is to remain open as before, while other hotels available will be the Majestic, the Anglais, the Hôtel des Pins, the Victoria, and many more. A temporary summer casino will be carried on in the Cercle Nautique while the new and very elaborate casino is being constructed at the end of the Croisette; and various open-air dancing establishments, cinemas, and cabarets will provide entertainment on a big scale.

NICE is always a busy city all the year round, while other resorts, like Juan-les-Pins, with its popular casino on the shore, its new Provençal Hotel, and the Grand Hôtel du Cap d'Antibes, will be full all the time, judging by previous summers. The many smaller places towards the Gulf of Saint Tropez are becoming better known and better liked every year, and it is interesting to know that Miss Gladys Cooper has taken the villa of Captain and Mrs. Harwood at Beauvallon for several months. An unlimited supply of sunshine is guaranteed, and there is plenty of fine sea-bathing for those who know where to find it, and life is not only very peaceful and pleasant, but far from expensive on the Riviera between May and October. This was for many years a secret of the French, but now the news has leaked out and English is spoken everywhere during those months which we once looked on as quite dead. Lovers of the open air and the warm sun may find both in the midst of beautiful scenery within twenty-four hours of London, and judging from the large number of rooms and villas already taken for this coming summer visitors will be more numerous than ever. D. W. T.

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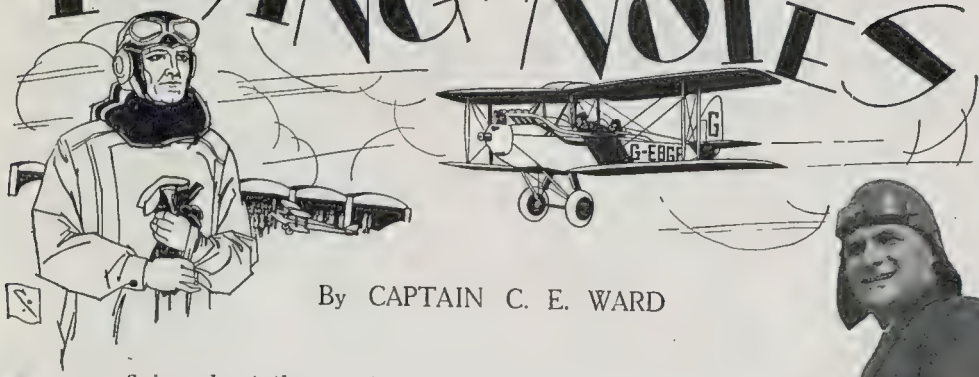
NEW WEEKLY FEATURE

FLYING NOTES



By CAPTAIN C. E. WARD

WHEN flying about the country nowadays one finds oneself not alone in the desire to escape from the endless procession on the roads, with the prospect of a police trap if a clear stretch does come our way. Hundreds of people have already realised that flying is both easy and safe. Also that one can learn to fly cheaply at a Country Club, which is a social centre not peopled by the cranks, technical experts, and super-mechanics, but by quite normal beings who want to get into the air and escape the tumult and discomfort of ground travel. A letter to the secretary of the nearest flying club (a list was given as a supplement to THE BYSTANDER Special Flying Number last week) will be sufficient to obtain full particulars of membership and of the all-important question of cost, which was also discussed last week by Captain de Havilland.

The London Flying Club, which was fathered by the Royal Aero Club nearly three years ago, has its headquarters at Stag Lane Aerodrome, Edgware, and already numbers nearly 300 flying members, with a considerable waiting list. Here one may see on any fine day as many as twenty machines in the air at the same time, some belonging to the club, but most of them privately owned. And the pilots of these machines are not all young athletes; there is no age limit for a sport where proficiency depends on general fitness and good eyesight rather than on physical strength. One finds that women are particularly good pupils, possessing that delicacy of touch so essential to govern the movement of a flying machine. The London Club has twenty women under instruction at the present time, and has turned out such noted pilots as Lady Heath and Lady Bailey, both of whom have gained an added reputation recently by their flights across Africa. Everyone will wish Lady Bailey good luck when she resumes her flight from Tabora, Tanganyika, her husband, Sir Abe Bailey, having arranged for another machine to be flown up to her.

Two big air meetings were held over the Easter holiday, one at Lympne aerodrome by the Cinque Ports Flying Club, and the other called the "On-to-Hadleigh Rally" by the Suffolk Aeroplane Club. An enormous crowd attended the first day's meeting at Lympne on Good Friday, when over 500 tickets were sold for flights. Amongst the passengers was Lady Hammond, who is nearly seventy years of age, and, in spite of having only recently recovered from a broken leg, was determined to see the Channel from the air. The second day's meeting at Lympne was not favoured by such good weather, but the bad conditions served to emphasise the reliability of such light machines. Of the different competitions, the most exciting was one in which the pilots had to run 100 yards, cycle 100 yards, drive a car for a quarter of a mile to their machines, the engines of which they had to start, and then to fly one circuit of the course. Out of eight pilots who competed, Squadron-Leader England eventually won the obstacle race by six yards from Captain Broad.

Over twenty machines raced from different parts of the

P. and A.

THE CONQUERORS

Capt. Koehl (left) and Baron Von Huenefeld (above) who, with Major Fitzmaurice of the Irish Free State Air Force (seen in the lower photograph), were the first to cross the Atlantic from East to West. Their aeroplane, the Bremen, landed on Greenly Island after a stern battle with the elements

Central News

A PAIR OF AIR "ACES"

The two French aviators, Lieutenant Le Brix (left) and Captain Costes, who recently accomplished a successful tour of the world, which has been hailed as the finest air feat on record. The Paris crowds accorded them a great welcome on their return

country to join the rally at Hadleigh Aerodrome, Ipswich, where thousands of spectators got a good view of the races. The first to arrive was Mr. R. G. Cazalet on his Westland "Widgeon" monoplane, and Captain Blake was second on a Blackburn "Bluebird," that friendly little machine with seats side-by-side instead of fore and aft, so useful if you want to gaze into her eyes, but not so good when arguing the point on a bumpy day. Miss Winifred Spooner, a private owner from the London Aeroplane Club, won the 21-mile handicap race, and Captain Broad, on a "Moth," secured an easy victory in the competition for manufacturers of light aeroplanes. Lady Warner, wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Suffolk, presented the prizes after a very interesting meeting.

Kenya held its first flying meeting recently at Nairobi, under the auspices of the newly formed Aero Club of Kenya. Sir Alan Cobham spoke, after the prize distribution, on the admirable flying conditions in Kenya, which he is sampling for the second time. Since leaving Kenya Sir Alan Cobham has flown to South Africa by way of the Great Lakes, and last week he blazed the trail over yet another air highway of the future, that from Cape Town to Nigeria along the west coast of Africa. This route has never been flown over before, but Nigeria itself has received several visits from Royal Air Force machines.

By Hynes

BIRD MEN.—No. 1.

Sir Alan J. Cobham, K.B.E., A.F.C., the world-famous aviator and aviation propaganda promoter. Among his many exploits are those of flying from London to Cape Town and back, and from England to Australia and back. Recently he made a pioneer air route from Cape Town to Nigeria along the West Coast of Africa

The French airmen, Captain Costes and Lieut. Le Brix, who made such a magnificent flight from Japan to Paris, *via* China, India, and Irak, in seven days, were incidentally the first to cross the South Atlantic non-stop, flying from St. Louis (Senegal) to Port Natal (Brazil), a distance of 2,000 miles in twenty-one hours. Their average air speed was almost twice that of the Germans with a machine of about the same performance, weather conditions accounting for the great difference.

The "Moth" and the motor boat which fought a duel on the Welsh Harp the other day were not so evenly matched as most people imagined. Armed with bags of flour, Captain Barnard, flying the "Moth" at ninety miles an hour, was unable even to splash the crew of the boat, which, although it had less than half his speed, avoided the bombs with ease.

C. E. W.

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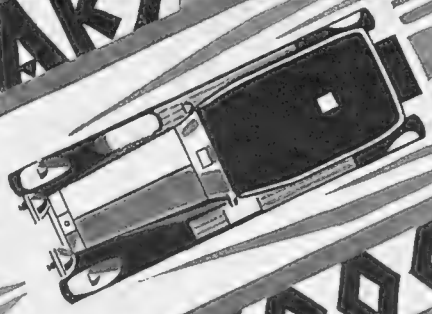

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A.J.W.

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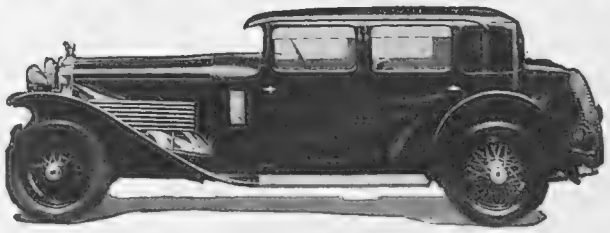

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BYSTANDER BRIDGE: Fooling the Enemy

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

As an example of strategy and clever insight into an opponent's mental processes and doing the right thing at the right moment the following example of a hand played some time ago at the Portland Club is well worth recording.

S.—Q, 3.
H.—5, 3.
D.—Q, 6, 5.
C.—A, 9, 8, 7, 5, 2.

S.—10, 9, 7, 2.
H.—A, Q, 2.
D.—8, 4, 3, 2.
C.—10, 3.

Y
A B
Z

S.—K, J, 6, 4.
H.—10, 9, 8, 4.
D.—A, 10, 9.
C.—6, 4.

S.—A, 8, 5.
H.—K, J, 7, 6.
D.—K, J, 7.
C.—K, Q, J.

Score: game all. Z deals and bids "One No Trump." All pass. A opens the 2 of Spades, Z puts up Dummy's Queen, B plays the King, and Z takes the trick with the Ace.

(Note that A by his play of the 2 has shown only four of the suit, so that there is no object in Z holding up the Ace, as he cannot exhaust B's Spades.)

Z now takes stock of the position. He can see his contract, and probably eight tricks, but no more, because the adversaries must make three tricks in Spades and their two Aces.

Is there any way of making game and rubber?

There is only one chance, and that is by creating an impression in his adversaries' minds that he has not the Club suit solid and requires an entry in Dummy to make the long Clubs.

. . . . . .

This is how it was done. Z led the King and then the Queen of Clubs, and as both followed suit neither was aware that the other was now void of Clubs. Having established the impression he desired, that is that he had no more Clubs, Z made that impression a certainty in the minds of his opponents by leading out the King of Diamonds, as if in the hope that the adversaries by playing the Ace of Diamonds would establish Dummy's Queen of Diamonds as a re-entry for the Clubs. B, who was a very good player, was completely fooled by Z's strategy, and refused to win the King of Diamonds.

Z therefore now led Jack of Diamonds, and B, still under the spell of Z's play, again refused to play the Ace.

Z had now accomplished his object. He had made his necessary two tricks in Diamonds and led his Jack of Clubs, overtaking in Y's hand with the Ace.

In this way he won game and rubber, scoring six Clubs, two Diamonds, and one Spade trick.

It was good play on the part of Z, and particularly clever because B had no possible way of detecting the strategy. B did not, of course, know that A held the Ace and Queen of Hearts.

It is exceptional play of this character that makes Auction Bridge such a wonderful game, and a source of delight not only to the expert but to all classes of players, good, bad, or indifferent.

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NESTLÉ RADION WAVE

MORE LASTING MORE NATURAL EASIER TO SET

By "The Kennelman"

THESE are busy times for those who keep their kennels to the fore and help to educate public opinion by exhibiting their Dogs, and good times for those who aim at cultivating their knowledge of Dogs—type, points, strains, training, feeding, and general care—by visiting Dog Shows: a very practical method. In Scotland the big event of the week is the Ayr Championship Show, yesterday and to-day. Down South, to-day (Wednesday) brings Cheltenham's big Show, and to-morrow that of Bedford, among others. The Joint Terrier Championship Show opens at Olympia next Wednesday, and on the two following days, in the same spacious venue, the Ladies' Kennel Association stages its big annual Show, which embraces also Club Shows for Irish Wolfhounds, Great Danes, and Chows, and is one of the most interesting and instructive events of the year.

Many readers of these Notes who have written supporting the Kennelman's advocacy of the institution in England of a Canine Specialist degree for Veterinary Surgeons (open, of course to women), to enable Dog owners to know who are and who are not specialists in canine surgery and medicine, will be interested to learn that France is now giving our Veterinary College a lead. Already more than a hundred leading French Vets. have joined the new "Association des Vétérinaires Cynophiles"; a notable step forward. Strange that doggy England should lag behind!

The Kennel Club has just given endorsement of the point raised in these Notes immediately the railway companies introduced their new regulation fixing charges for carriage of Dogs and their crates or hampers *by weight*. It was here pointed out that, though this might be welcomed by the owners of very small Dogs, it was calculated to foster the pernicious practice of sending Dogs on railway journeys in boxes of cruelly inadequate size and build, not to mention the less unkindly but certainly risky method of sending on chain in guards' vans. The current issue of that admirable journal *The Kennel Gazette* shows that the Kennel Club has now officially communicated this view to the railway companies. If the latter cannot see their way to meeting these points, they ought to lay down strict regulations ensuring adequate boxing, and the refusal of the inadequate and cruel kind. The Kennel Club, by the way, announce a generous concession in connection with this year's K.C. Show (Crystal Palace, October 10 and 11). Entry fees are to be 7*s.* 6*d.* instead of 10*s.*; quite a help; especially for folk entering Dogs in several classes.

The Argentine now has its own Kennel Club, and is holding shows this year.

The weekly journal *Our Dogs* publishes the interesting news that the project to give London a "Dog Owners' Club" has now taken definite shape. A limited company has been registered, and premises secured at 5, Hyde Park Place, W.2, facing the Park, and close to Marble Arch, not to mention Almack's and the site of Tyburn Tree. Application for membership (ladies as well as men) should be made to the secretary at the address mentioned.

The Riviera reader who writes indignantly of the activities of the "Ciapacan," or dog-catcher, in Nice, who lassoes strays for removal to the *Château de Nice*, and gets a *per capita* bonus over and above his wage, overlooks the important fact that only neglected and stray Dogs are liable to this form of arrest, and that, if applied for by their owners within three days, they may be ransomed by payment of a few shillings. This does not seem to be a practice to be agitated against, but, on the contrary, a logical and sound method of eliminating the stray.

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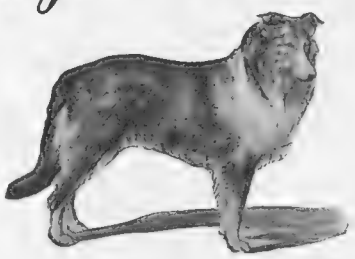

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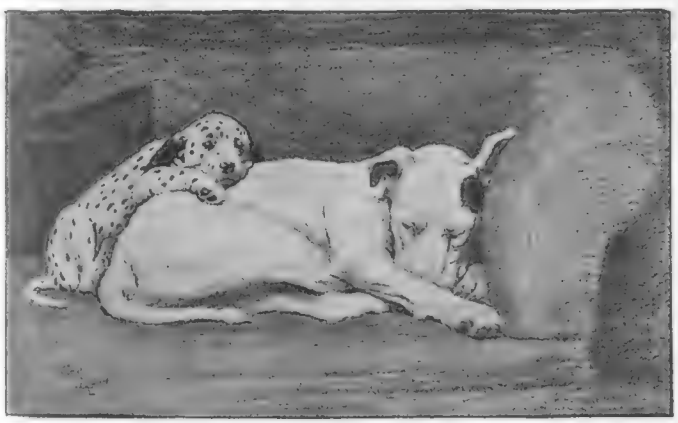

ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH
by
CECIL ALDIN

Copies of the lithograph, of which a miniature reproduction appears above, have now been issued by The SPORTING GALLERY. There are two editions, as follows:—

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MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT

JONES had just got his car and his licence and had persuaded a nervous and reluctant friend to go for a trial run. He drove very, very slowly, and all was well until they reached the crown of a sharply-curved bridge, and here something went wrong. The car had a long wheel base and a low body—and the rest may be guessed.

"Most remarkable thing," said Jones, staring hard at his speedometer, "Why aren't we moving?" He looked overboard to see if by any chance the back wheels had come off, but they were still there and running merrily. Then his friend stood up and peered over as well. "Why, they're right off the ground!" he cried in injured tones.

Jones could hardly believe his car to be at fault, but its behaviour was certainly very strange, and he got out to investigate. The moment he touched ground the back wheels went down and the car leapt forward a yard, pitching the occupant half over the hood. He gave a cry of alarm, and Jones, fearing the car would go off without him, hastily scrambled back on board. Immediately the car tilted forward and his friend dropped into his seat. The perplexed motorist stopped his engine and examined the controls. Then he turned suspicious eyes on his friend. "Are you quite sure you didn't touch anything?"

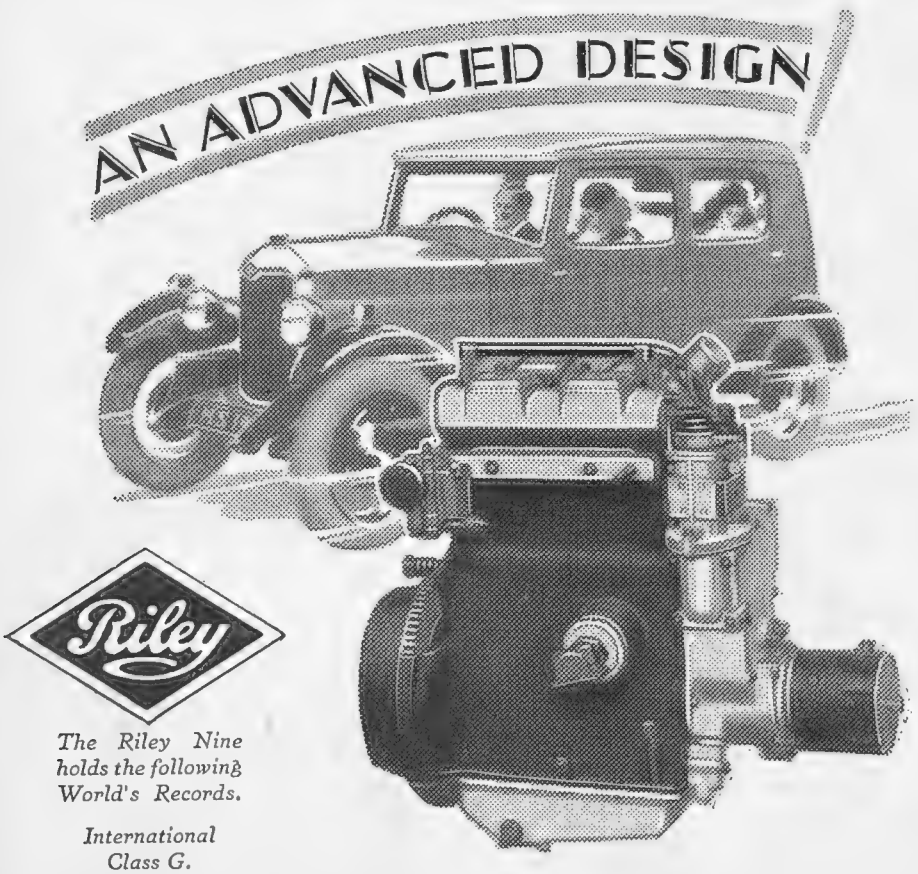
"Yes," said his friend shortly, "I am. But I know what's wrong."

Jones glared at him in wrathful surprise. "You do?"

"Yes," replied his friend, preparing to descend. "This isn't a car at all; it's a d—— see-saw!"

***

FEW Royal visitors have had such a varied and regally expensive programme arranged for them as had their Majesties the King and Queen of Afghanistan. When they came to be shown a British motor engineering works, what more fitting than that the great Rolls-Royce establishment at Derby should be the one chosen. So thither they went by a special train for an exceedingly interesting morning's tour of the shops. The organiser of the tour had a brain wave to obviate having to shout at their Majesties via an interpreter when they were passing through the noisiest of the shops, where often the most interesting operations are to be seen. At the entrance to each department the Royal visitors and their suite were each presented with a card,



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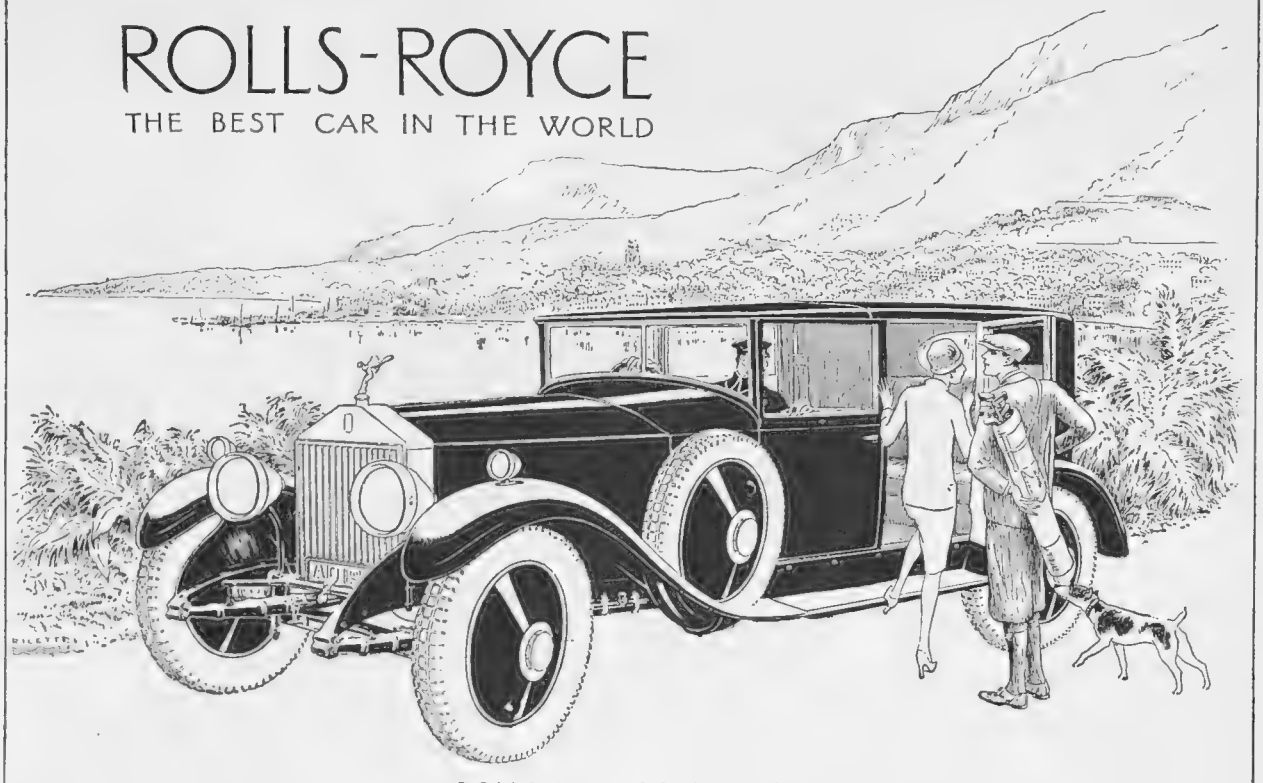

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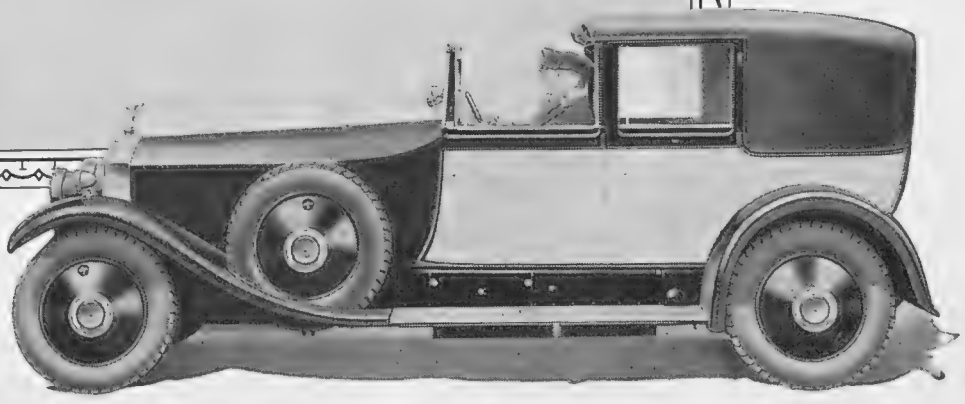


Kennington Series

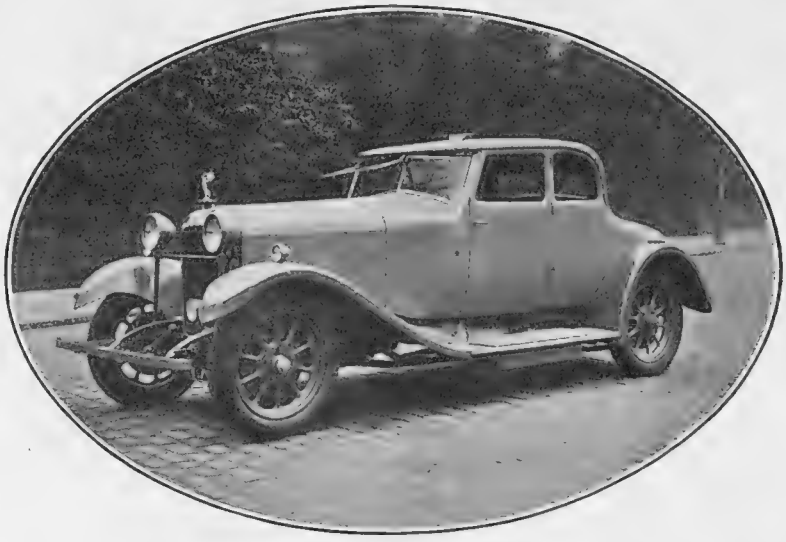
printed in Persian, describing the work that was going on there. This added greatly to the comfort of everyone, as in some places the noise was terrific.

***

Amongst the sights was a new "hush-hush" aero engine, designed by Mr. F. Henry Royce, with specially reduced external dimensions in order to present the smallest possible wind resistance. It is of 500 horse-power, and hitherto the utmost secrecy has been maintained concerning its design and construction. It was when looking over various completed cars that King Amanullah, fascinated by a special "Phantom" tourer, jumped into the driver's seat, started the engine, and, raising his hat to Queen Souriya, said, "Good-bye, I'll meet you in Kabul," then drove a short distance. During their stay in England their Majesties naturally made much use of Rolls-Royce cars, and King Amanullah, having already owned and driven them for many years in his own country, was greatly interested in their manufacture.

***

"Wheels of Empire" is the title of a splendidly produced brochure published by Crossley Motors, Ltd., Manchester, dealing with their well-known cars. Incidentally, chapter one gives the early history of the internal combustion engine, and removes the too generally accepted idea that it was a German invention. The principle of the internal combustion engine as used to-day was described in a patent, dated 1838, taken out by the Englishman Barnett, and we are apt to forget that Butler made his motor cycle in 1882, although we all know of the efforts of Daimler and Benz that followed a few years later. Subsequent chapters deal with Crossleys and the Army, the Court-Treatt Cape-Cairo Expedition, the film of which is still running, "How Crossleys are Tested," and the many Royal tours that have been carried out on them.



STRIKING BODYWORK

A 17/50 h.p. Arrol-Aster six-cylinder single-sleeve valve model with a very striking coupé body. This car has been supplied to Messrs. Arthur Beattie, Ltd., of Deansgate, Manchester

***

There is one horror of the open road that used to pass almost unnoticed but has been dragged to light again by the popularity of the fabric saloon. More than one reader has complained of holes being burnt in the roof of his fabric saloon by red-hot cinders which must have come from either a steam lorry or from some railway locomotive when he was passing over a bridge. Last summer I had a very annoying occurrence of this kind, when a cinder got between two "cheeks" of a section of expensive leather upholstery in the back seat of my open tourer and burnt a double hole, one in each cheek, so to speak; the resultant bill came to a few pence short of £2. Meanwhile, the only remedy is to ginger up the police to use the powers which they certainly have to prevent steam lorries emitting smoke and cinders.

E. M. Wright.

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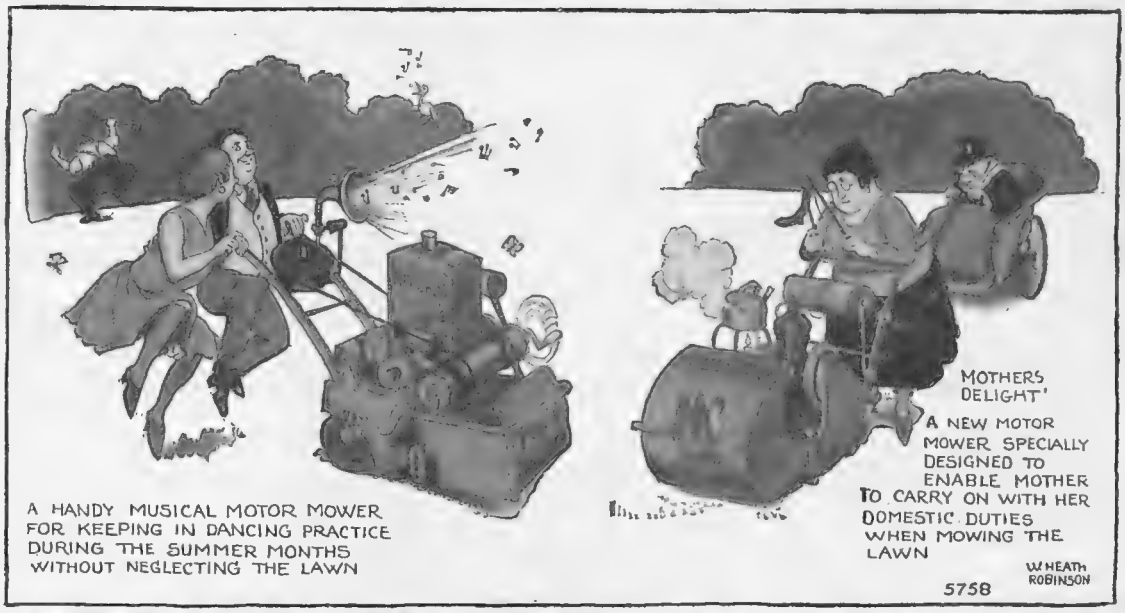

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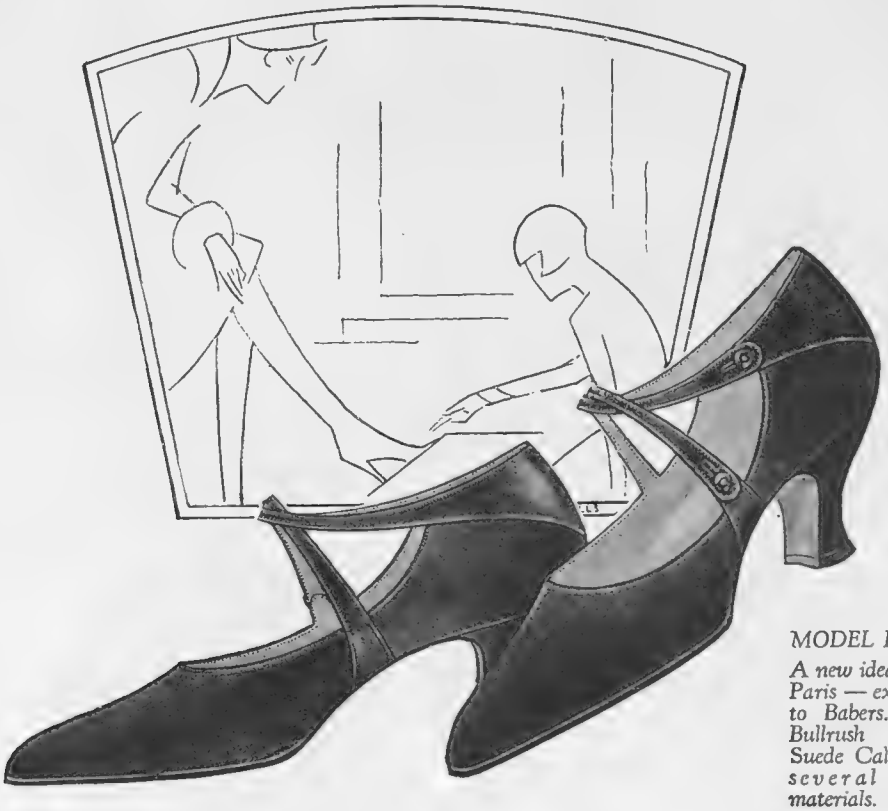

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Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

Tennis Fashions Up to Date

With the tennis season coming on one of the very best cures for dissatisfaction with life as lived to-day is to turn up some illustrations dealing with pre-War tennis. High choker collars, skirts that almost touch the ground, blouses held in at the waist, that look as if at any moment they might part company with skirts, and sometimes actually did. The world, indeed, has progressed. What about the modern tennis kit? Practical! for it gives perfect freedom of movement. . . . Becoming! And, what's more, following quite closely the lines of fashion. Most women play lawn tennis to-day; many are very fine players indeed, and the fact that they look so nice doing it has doubtless a good deal to do with its popularity.

The Vogue for White

The more strenuous players generally prefer white. It is less distracting to the eye, they say, and somehow they feel more workmanlike in it, but that does not discount the popularity of various pastel shades for those who are not up to tournament form, nor prevent the use of coloured borders and bindings on many of this season's tennis frocks. The various washing silks (Schappe silk, spun silk, etc.) and *crêpe de Chine* are suitable fabrics for tennis. So, of course, is Shantung, and very practical people have a liking for *piqué* and, for early season tennis, lightweight flannel.

Spun silk (left) and Shantung (right) carry out two charming tennis frocks from Messrs. Gamage, Holborn, E.C.1, that are none the less practical for following La Mode's latest lines

Three fascinating summer hats from Messrs. D. H. Evans, 290, Oxford St., W., vouch for the charms of mixed coarse straw (left), natural coloured hemp (right), and Chinese Bangkok (centre)

Sketches by Bela

Gay Accessories

White serge waistcoats, gaily embroidered Roumanian fashion; cheery little blazers of flannel or Melton cloth, both plain and striped; shoes in various colours, as well as the conventional white, and, of course, in various styles (some players like the Oxford shape, others the one-bar, others the sandal—all can be served); scarves that tone in with the general colour scheme—how attractive they all are, and how they serve to keep the atmosphere cheery between "sets"!

Both Practical and Smart—

Are the tennis frocks sponsored by Messrs. Gamage, Holborn, E.C.1, and priced so reasonably that keen players need feel no sense of extravagance in laying in a stock of them. Indeed, this applies to all the up-to-date tennis kit for which this firm is justly famous. The left-hand model, sketched above, is carried out in spun silk, the bodice patterned in a fashionable lattice design by means of hair-line tucks (21*s.* 9*d.*). And for the right-hand one Shantung is used, trimmed with pin tucks disposed geometrically (12*s.* 11*d.*). Following the lines of fashion even to shoulder flowers, but for all that absolutely practical.

Summer frocks expressed in Luvisca, that lovely silky, luxury fabric, in all the Season's latest colourings and designs conform with the slim lines ordained by Fashion, and can be relied upon to wash and wear

Early Summer Millinery

MILLINERY that looks forward to the summer is to be found in most attractive guise at Messrs. D. H. Evans, 290, Oxford Street, W., some fascinating examples of which have been sketched on the preceding page. The left-hand one in the group is carried out in the new mixed coarse straw, obtainable in all manner of colourings, and has a felt underbrim (29*s.* 11*d.*). Natural coloured hemp expresses its next-door neighbour, which is trimmed with black satin (45*s.*), and for the centre model, more of the picture variety, black Chinese Bangkok is used, with ribbon of parrot-green velvet (55*s.*).

Spring Fur Fashions

THE well-dressed woman is every bit as much interested in furs in Spring as in winter, and especially in the fashionable fur ties of the moment that provide such an attractive finish to early summer *tailleurs* and frocks. Some particularly attractive examples of these are to be found at Percy Vickery, 235, Regent Street, W. See, for instance, the two models sketched, representative of the many shapes available in different furs at varying prices; the left-hand one, a two-skin tie, of topped Hudson Bay Sable, being priced at 29 guineas, and the one on the right, a four-skin Marmot tie, at 6½ guineas.

Tub Frocks de Luxe

WE have, with the help of Luvisca, travelled far since the days when fabrics that could be relied upon to wash well were unfortunately possessed of few other virtues. Now wise women, whether they are dwellers at home or in the Tropics, can enjoy the luxury feeling that Luvisca, which has all the appearance of silk, engenders, with the comfortable consciousness that it washes and wears most admirably. All leading drapers stock Luvisca, in the new Spring range of which is included many check as well as striped effects, and, of course, plain shades in all the latest colourings.

Why Not a New Hat?

BOND STREET and the sun shining! Is there a woman in the world who does not feel called upon to buy a new hat or will fail to find one to suit her at Scott's, Ltd., 1, Old Bond Street? "The Fairlie," a dainty little Petersham ribbon affair, to be found in all the newest shades (50*s.*), or "The Laindon," a picture model of Bangkok straw trimmed with satin ribbon (70*s.*), or "The Radley," carried out in fur felt and attractively piped, suitable for either town or country (42*s.*). And these are only some of many models that have the magic touch of Spring

Two attractive examples from the large and varied selection of fur ties to be found at Percy Vickery, 235, Regent Street, W.

Sketches by Margot

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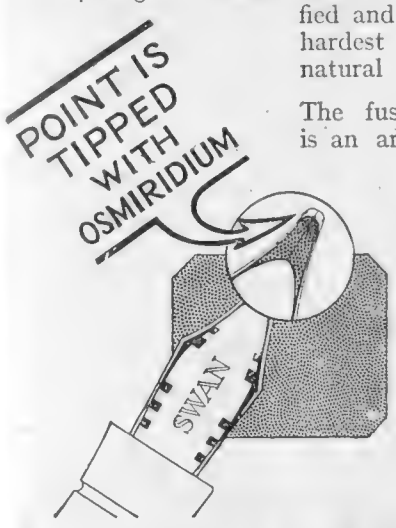

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The Cutting o' the Green

The lengthening days will soon see the trend of family life from the house to the garden and the voice of the mower will be heard in the land. There is still a certain following for the old hand-propelled lawn mower, chiefly among those whose waistlines are forcing themselves more and more upon their owners' consciousness, but there are also signs that the small motor-mower is coming into its own. Messrs. Chas. H. Pugh, Ltd., of Birmingham, the makers of the famous "Atco" motor mower, compute that some 19,000 machines of this make are now in use. This is not surprising in view of the ease of operation, efficiency in cutting, and extremely low running costs of this popular mower.

A Travel Tip

What to take and what to leave behind is a source of worry to the intending traveller overseas. Unlike the tyro, the seasoned veteran never overloads his kit with cigarettes. The fear that he will be unable to get "the" cigarette he is so used to smoking "at home" never oppresses him. He knows what every traveller overseas should know, that wherever bought—on board ship, in Paris or Cairo, Table Bay or Karachi—he is sure of getting the same perfect State Express 555 Cigarettes as smoked at his club at home. It is final packing alone that decides whether 555 Cigarettes are destined for home or abroad—the quality is the same superfine standard the world over.

A Cricketer's Companion

The twenty-seventh issue of *Ayres Cricket Companion* is as excellent and as useful a production as ever. There is a comprehensive article dealing with West Indian cricket, by J. N. Pentelow, which is of especial interest in view of this season's test matches, and other entertaining chapters are those on the New Zealand Tour, County Notes, First Class Centuries of the Season and Overseas Centuries. This little volume is well illustrated with photographs, and is compiled in an extraordinarily attractive way, the statistics and the reading matter being well balanced and the Public Schools notes and photographs making an especially interesting chapter. *Ayres Cricket Companion* is published at 1s. by F. H. Ayres, Ltd., 11, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.

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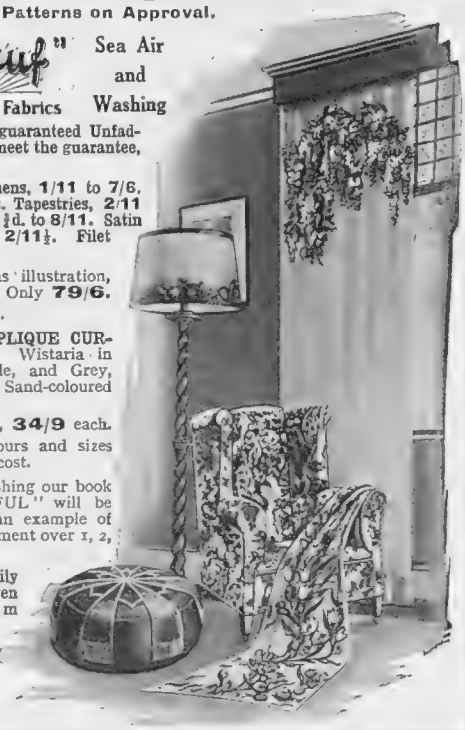

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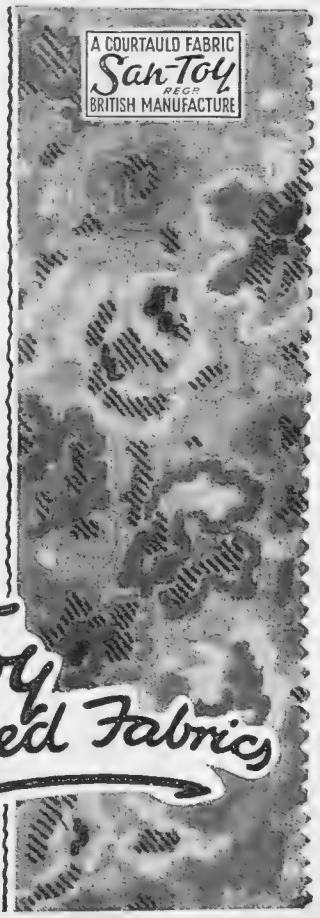

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VEAL GOULASH.
CALF'S HEAD. SAUCE PIQUANTE.
CALF'S TONGUE WITH TOMATO SAUCE.

Fricandeau of Veal

TRIM neatly a piece of fillet of veal, and, if possible, lard it with bacon on one side. Place in a stewpan a layer of slices of bacon, then some carrots and onions cut into slices, with a bunch of sweet herbs, pepper, salt and spice to taste. Lay the veal in the middle and moisten it with a pint of stock. Let the meat stew gently for about three hours, basting the top occasionally. Then strain off the gravy and put it into a small saucepan, skim off the fat, add to it a little butter mixed smoothly with a little flour, and let the gravy reduce nearly to a glaze. Pour over the meat and serve with a border of spinach.

Veal Goulash

Take about 1 lb. of veal, preferably fillet, remove all skin, and cut it into dice. Peal and thinly slice a large onion, and fry it in a pan with an ounce of butter until of a pale colour. Now put in the meat, season with salt and pepper, and cook over the gas for a few minutes. Dredge the meat with about a tablespoonful of flour. Mix well and moisten with a gill of stock and a glass of claret or white wine. Cover the pan and cook slowly for about an hour. Have ready two or three potatoes, peeled and cut into cubes. Add these when the meat is half done. Dish up and serve hot with sea kale or chicory.

Calf's Head. Sauce Piquante

Take half a calf's head, wash it and clean it well, remove the brains, and put them in a stewpan; now cover the head with cold water, and add one carrot, one onion, two sticks of celery, or if not in season some celery salt, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and one gill of vinegar. Skim well while boiling. Let it simmer two hours, and serve with the following sauce: Two shallots, one onion, one carrot, four mushrooms, and one teaspoonful of parsley, all mixed very fine, and put into a stewpan with a gill of vinegar. Let this boil till quite reduced, then add to it one pint of brown sauce, and pour this over the head. Roll up a few slices of bacon and serve round the calf's head. The brains should be minced and cooked in a white sauce, and served separately.

Calf's Tongue with Tomato Sauce

Trim and scald the tongue, and leave it till cold; lard it with bacon, and then simmer it in a stewpan for four hours in stock seasoned with a *bouquet garni*, two carrots, two onions, and three cloves. When done split the tongue in half, skin it, and serve hot covered with Heinz's tomato sauce. EMILIA.

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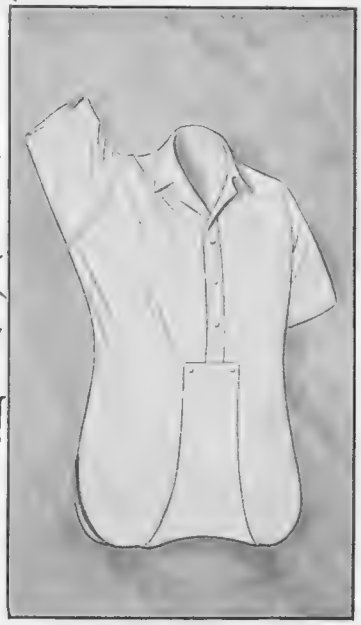

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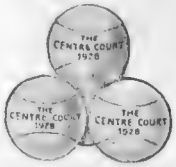

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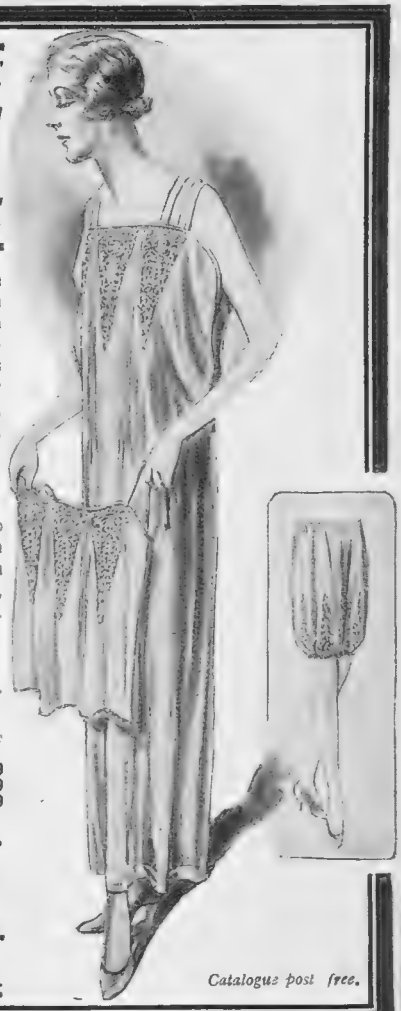

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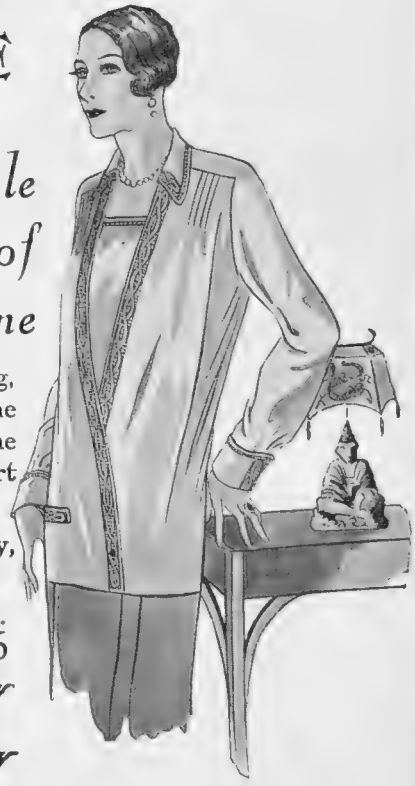

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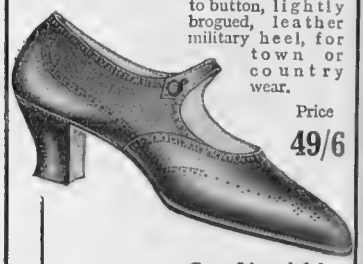

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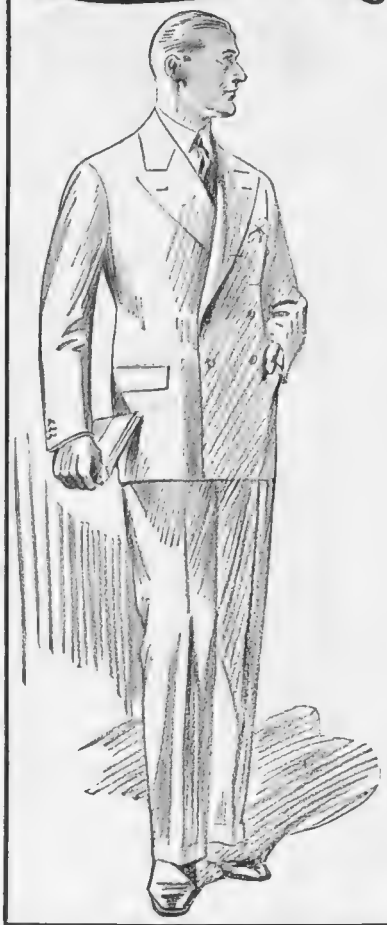

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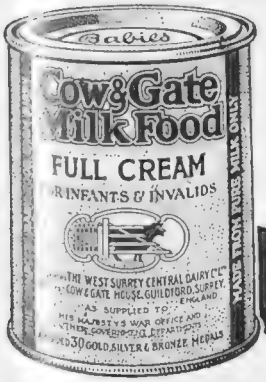

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The Spa of Elegance and Sport.

At the foot of Mont Revard.
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THE SPA FOR RHEUMATISM.

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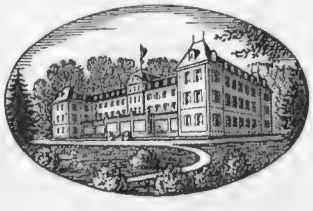

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479. Two-piece Ensemble of Lace and Georgette, trimmed with self-colour Fur. The embroidery on the Gown is of gold bugle beads. In fawn, grey, mulberry, Lido-blue or black. Can be obtained in sizes to suit all figures 20 Gns.

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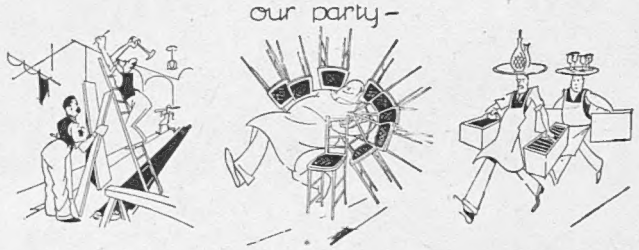

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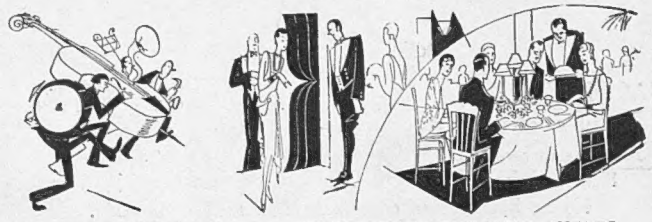

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32 INS WIDE **6/11** A YARD....

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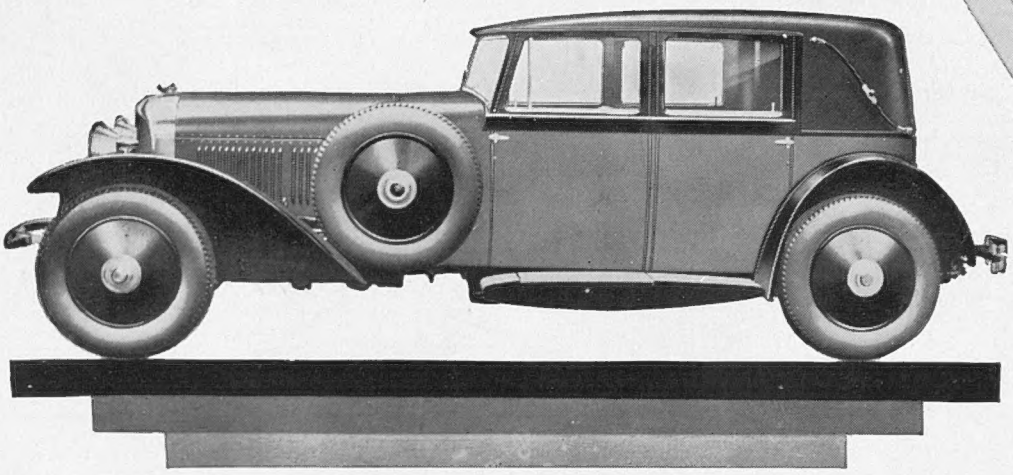

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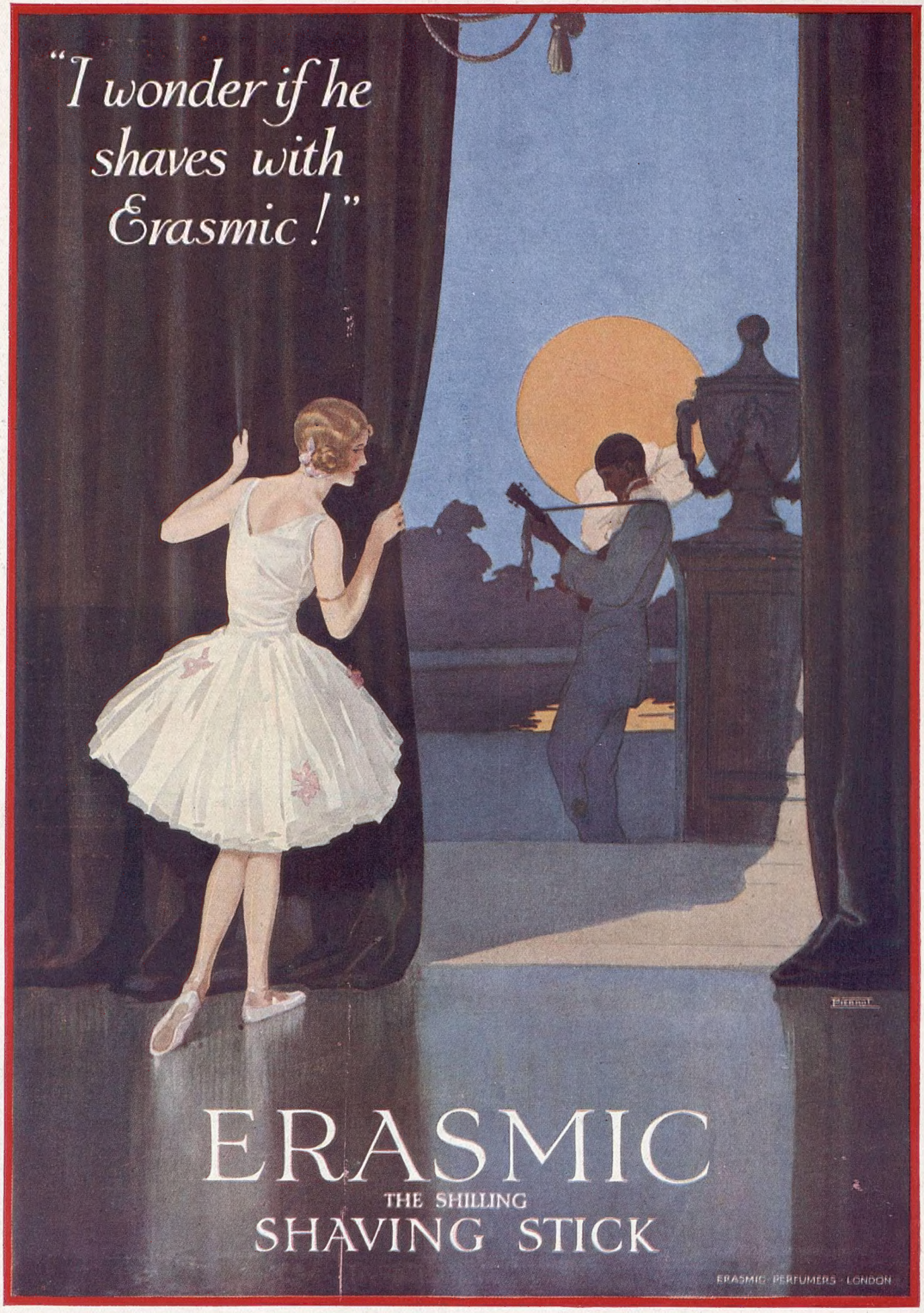

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